Bindery
Miss O'Brien

MAY 17 1930

The New REPUBLIC

Published Weekly

Wednesday May 21, 1930

KENNETH BURKE on *Humanism and Catholicism*

Hard Times for Farmers
by ARTHUR P. CHEW

Cheap Power in Ontario
by HARRY W. LAIDLER

Sex Evening in May
by BRUCE BLIVEN

Billion Dollar Parity
EDITORIAL

Notes on the Havemeyer Paintings
by STARK YOUNG

Sherwood Anderson on D. H. LAWRENCE

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY
FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR
VOL. LXIII. NO. 807

...ed as Second Class matter November 6, 1914 at the Post Office at New York, N.Y. under the act of March 3, 1879

Hotels that keep ahead of your demands

The traveling public didn't demand a bath with *every* room, or circulating ice water, or a morning paper under the door at no cost — *until* Hotels Statler inaugurated these improvements.

Neither did you hear anyone ask if there was radio reception in *every* room at no extra cost — *until* Hotels Statler made that standard equipment in these hotels.

And it's going on all the time. There are bed-head reading lamps, full-length mirrors, colorful furnishings, even threaded needles in the pincushions in every room.

In restaurants there is the widest variety, ranging from formal a la carte service to lunchroom or cafeterias.

But it is in Statler Service that this policy of keeping ahead of your demands is most noticeable. Statler employees are not only instructed but are *trained* in courtesy and helpfulness. They, too, keep ahead of your demands.

HOTELS STATLER

BOSTON DETROIT
BUFFALO ST. LOUIS
CLEVELAND NEW YORK
[*Hotel Pennsylvania*]

IRVING BABBITT

is the author of five books which should be read by everyone interested in the humanist movement.

ROUSSEAU AND ROMANTICISM

"The most thought-provoking study in comparative literature yet produced in America."—*N. Y. Post.* $4.00

MASTERS OF MODERN FRENCH CRITICISM

"The most profound study of the subject."—*Modern Language Notes.* $4.00

DEMOCRACY AND LEADERSHIP

"No book comparable for knowledge and passion has been published in our day."—*J. A. Hutton in the British Weekly.* $3.50

THE NEW LAOKOON

An Essay on the Confusion of the Arts. $2.50

LITERATURE AND THE AMERICAN COLLEGE

Essays in Defense of the Humanities. $2.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

"An important document in the history of our times, and . . . amazingly good reading. . . ."

My Life

An Attempt at an Autobiography

by

Leon Trotsky

"It seems incredible that one man could have packed into fifty years the enormous drama that packs the 600 pages of Trotsky's book, 'My Life.' . . . It is a fantastic, almost incredible story, and Trotsky tells it with the dramatic instinct of the artist that he is."

—LEWIS GANNETT in the *New York Herald Tribune.*

600 *pages.* $5.00

The Unknown Washington

by John Corbin *author of "The Return of the Middle Class," etc.*

"Stroke by stroke a new man emerges. . . . A great and generous Washington is here—a titan standing always above the squirm and squall of his times. Mr. Corbin has done a service and a finely tempered piece of research."

—*New York Evening Post.*

454 *pages.* $4.00

at your bookstore

Charles Scribner's Sons · New York

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXIII NEW YORK. WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1930 NUMBER 807

Contents

The Week 1

Editorials
- Will Prosperity Return? 4
- Billion Dollar Parity 5

General Articles
- Cheap Power in Ontario ..... Harry W. Laidler 7
- Three Frenchmen's Churches ..... Kenneth Burke 10
- Unemployment in Agriculture ..... Arthur P. Chew 14
- Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 16
- Imitation of a Welsh Poem (verse) .. Padraic Colum 17
- Notes on the Havemeyer Paintings .... Stark Young 18
- Love (verse) ..... Dorothy Reid 19
- Sex Evening in May ..... Bruce Bliven 19

Correspondence 20

Reviews of Books
- A Man's Mind ..... Sherwood Anderson 22
- A Chinese Miscellany ..... Isidor Schneider 23
- Lark's Quill and Goosefeather ..... Morton Dauwen Zabel 25
- Two Men of the Revolution .... John Hyde Preston 25
- Behind the Lines ..... C. A. Chapman 26
- Ernani Redivivus ..... Howard Coxe 27
- Notes on Novels 27

The Week

THE appointment of Mr. Owen J. Roberts to the Supreme Court is not the best that could have been made, if one were looking for distinguished scholarship and broad outlook on social and economic affairs. At the same time, it is not open to the same objections which were urged against the nomination of Judge Parker of North Carolina. His choice was clearly not dictated by the effort to strengthen political fences. Mr. Roberts did a good job for the government in the prosecution of the oil frauds; he is a man of size and independence. He is not obsessed by fear of change, and realizes that the world is not static. He has, it is reported, a sense of humor, and is open to the teaching of facts as well as of precedent. There is no good reason why he should be opposed by the same liberals who attacked the naming of Chief Justice Hughes and Judge Parker. At the same time, it is increasingly clear that important issues like the abuse of the labor injunction should not be left for decision to the chance of good presidential appointments to the Court. Congress ought to regulate the matter by appropriate legislation, such as is embodied in the substitute Shipstead bill now in the Senate Judiciary Committee.

SELDOM is there a meeting of lawyers without a jeremiad over public indifference to the Bar. And leaders of the Bar are usually puzzled to understand why it is that they have so little influence upon public opinion. They can only account for it by the cult of incompetence, the crudities and selfishness of the mob in failing to follow the lead of the learned and the wise. We suggest to the leaders of the Bar two facts which may shed not a little light upon the condition which they so deplore. When Louis D. Brandeis was nominated for the Supreme Bench, seven past presidents of the American Bar Association called for his rejection: William H. Taft, Elihu Root, Joseph H. Choate, Simeon E. Baldwin, Francis Rawle, Morefield Story, Peter W. Melgrim. But in support of John J. Parker's nomination there immediately rallied President Henry Upson Sims of the American Bar Association and five past presidents, Chester I. Long, Frank B. Kellogg, Gurney E. Newlin, R. E. L. Saner and Silas Strawn. We wonder how many of the opponents of Brandeis had really made a disinterested study of his labors, and how many of the recent supporters of Parker could stand cross-examination on Judge Parker's opinions. The sad explanation of the behavior of these leaders of the Bar is furnished by The Baltimore Sun: "In the light of what happened sixteen years ago, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that what motivates the great activity of the legal profession in Judge Parker's behalf is the belief that he is an extreme conservative, while Justice Brandeis had a well established record as a liberal. This is a perfectly legitimate reason for favoring Judge Parker, but it is not fair to masquerade it as a deep regard for the sanctity of the law." They know not what they do! Lawyers can render no greater disservice to Law than to identify their profession in the public mind predominantly with the protection of vested interests and blind adherence to the past.

AT LAST the Senate has passed Senator Wagner's bill to create a nation-wide system of free public employment exchanges, which has been before it for two years. The bill appropriates $4,000,000 for aid to states which vote an equal amount to support such exchanges. They are to be conducted according to a uniform plan, and are to report regularly in such a way that the statistics will be comparable on a national basis. The bill also provides for such action as may be necessary in the interstate transportation of surplus labor. Without such a system, which has long existed in other industrial nations, we cannot do our utmost to place the unemployed in available jobs, we shall not know the current facts about unemployment, and we shall not have the foundation for any comprehensive scheme of unemployment insurance. The House ought speedily to pass, and the President ought to sign, this measure. The opposition to it which has long been held by reactionary employers rests principally on the belief that under a system of public employment agencies the anti-union movement would be at a disadvantage, since it could not so readily make sure in advance that new men engaged had no proclivities toward organized labor. Nor could unemployment be so readily exploited in behalf of lower wages if applicants were forewarned of the existence of a labor surplus or a strike in the district to which they were to be sent. It is thoroughly characteristic of Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut that he should voice the objection of the National Association of Manufacturers—not, of course, the real objection, but the devious one that the bill interferes with "states' rights." We shall not take seriously Mr. Bingham's views in this respect until he uses his influence for the creation by Connecticut of an efficient system of public employment agencies, without federal aid.

THE good luck which proverbially serves the British Empire was never better exemplified than in the arrival of Prof. Rushbrook Williams in New York. Professor Williams is Foreign Minister of Patiala, India, and a well known authority on the recent history of that country. At the moment when American liberal opinion is gravely concerned over the turn of events in India, and inclined to be harshly critical of British policy, along comes Mr. Williams to assure us that all is, on the whole, well. The Indian unrest is about to end, he says, and will be all over by October. The outbreaks have been sporadic, the work of "the turbulent element" from the bazaars. Gandhi is not regarded as a real political leader. India cannot be unified because it is composed of many peoples and many cults. Mr. Williams is traveling privately, and it is of course sheer coincidence which causes him to bob up in New York at the moment when the British case so badly needs stating. It reminds us of the similar coincidence by which Sir Gilbert Parker arrived to tell us, during the War, how sweet and pure were the Allies and how dastardly the Germans.

WHILE the renewal of fighting has come in China at the usual time of the "spring wars," a much more fundamental issue is involved in this clash than the personal struggle for power by military chieftains. For a year and a half—since the Nationalist government was formally established at Nanking—the differences of opinion have been growing steadily more acute as to whether the country should be administered by a strongly centralized, more or less personal dictatorship or by a loose federation headed by a group of leaders, each substantially supreme in his own area, but all coöperating in such strictly national matters as foreign relations, the post office, the railways and the customs administration. The group now in control at Nanking, headed by Chiang Kai-shek, has worked for strong centralization, with Chiang as the dictator. The men now in the "rebel" ranks, together with the leaders of the "Kwangsi faction," who were ousted from the Hankow area by Chiang last spring but are still an important factor in the south, have favored the method of loose federation. The Manchurian leaders have remained aloof, nominally giving allegiance to Nanking but actually staying strictly within their own boundaries and refusing to permit those from south of the Great Wall to mix in Manchurian affairs. To a certain extent, this clash is a case of quarreling between the "ins" and the "outs," and personal ambition is a factor on both sides. But much more is involved than this.

THE larger issue of centralization versus local autonomy is a vital part of the present conflict in China, and this fighting, which is part of the "growing pains" of the nation, is, therefore, potentially more important than any of the civil wars in many years, with the possible exception of the drive northward which gave the Nationalists control of Peking (as it was then called) in the late spring of 1928. In spite of differences of historical background and political traditions, the issue is essentially that which was discussed and voted upon and finally fought out in a bitter four-year conflict in the United States —the issue of "states' rights." This issue has been to the fore in China since the very beginning of the republic, slowly growing in importance as the fundamental problems emerged from the confusion incidental to throwing off an age-old set of political dogmas and forms. It was left open when the present constitution was written in October, 1928. Very deliberately, at that time, the previous republican form, with a president who by law possessed great power, was discarded in favor of the "committee system"; but with equal carefulness the powers of the chairman and of the committee (the State Council), as such, were not defined. Chiang, as chairman, has sought to concentrate the power in his own hands, in no small part because he is honestly convinced that for the sake of efficiency in the remaking of China the rule must be strongly centralized. The others, Yen Hsi-shan, Feng Yu-hsiang, Li Tsung-jen, Pai Chung-hsi and various

prominent civilian figures—also in no small part from honest conviction—have opposed this organization. Neither Chinese tradition nor the present constitution provides any means for settling such questions as this by ballot, so machine guns and airplanes are being used—with personal ambition and political conviction jointly motivating the leaders on both sides, and with little likelihood that a series of battles over a few weeks will finally settle the basic question.

NO SOONER did the United States Chamber of Commerce attack the Federal Farm Board than the farmers, hitherto a little cool to its efforts, began to rally round Chairman Legge's flag. One response is from the American Farm Bureau Federation, whose president, Mr. Sam H. Thompson, has issued an appeal for "a united front against the forces which are seeking to undermine the effectiveness of the Farm Board's activities." The Farm Bureau Federation was not, in the beginning, favorable to Mr. Hoover's brand of relief, but wanted another kind. The farmers' reasoning in the matter, however, is simple. If the present type of relief is working well enough so that business men fear it, it must be working well enough so that the farmers ought to get behind it. As Mr. Thompson's statement puts the matter, "Already great speculative groups that have, year by year, profited at the expense of agriculture through the fluctuation in the price of the produce of the farm, see the handwriting on the wall." Farm relief, as the political farm organizations see it, is essentially a matter of taking something from the city (which the city did not rightfully possess) and giving it to the country. Since organized business has visualized this class conflict for them in terms of the Farm Board, the farm-organization leaders have been quick to take the hint. Whether or not the Board succeeds in doing any real relieving, it would now seem to be politically safe.

THE Army is a little disingenuous in its plea to Congress for money to build a mammoth new metal-clad dirigible, bigger though not longer than the "Los Angeles," capable of carrying two airplanes, ten machine guns and 15,000 pounds of bombs. The Army explains that this airship would be ever so useful in relieving possible future distress resulting from floods in the Mississippi Valley. But those who make this explanation seem to forget that we already have the "Los Angeles" available for this purpose, and shall presently have two more naval dirigibles, the ZRS-4 and ZRS-5, which will be by a wide margin the largest airships in existence. If Mississippi flood relief is to be done by airship, why not let the Navy do it? Or, if we must have a new dirigible for this purpose, what more appropriate agency to build and operate it than the Red Cross itself? The truth is, of course, that the Army wants its dirigible for its own military purposes, and merely hopes it can ease the appropriation through Congress more readily by its happy picture of flying doughboys dropping canned willie on the steeple tops where the inhabitants of Louisiana are clustered.

IN A few months of labor conflict in textile mills, a group of Southern states got more publicity throughout the country than their promotion departments and their chambers of commerce had been able to obtain in years of effort. But it was the wrong sort of publicity. It was damaging to the fair name of the South and to its ability to attract new capital and enterprise. There has been a growing demand that state governments "do something" about the situation. One obvious thing to do, of course, was to improve labor conditions and thus forestall agitation, but each mill thought its standards were higher than most others, and could not be raised against their competition, and each state hesitated to impose restrictions on its industry that other states might not adopt. To the mind of Governor O. Max Gardner of North Carolina, the way out of this impasse was uniform legislation on the part of all Southern industrial states, and he proposed calling the Governors together to discuss this possibility. In response to his invitation, therefore, the Governors and representative delegations of the seven southeastern states have recently met in Asheville, N. C., and have decided to form a Southeastern Regional Council which will hold an annual economic conference, with the first one scheduled for next October.

TO BE sure, the meeting at Asheville was not held, avowedly, to confer on labor problems in textiles. Governor Gardner's call mentioned industry and agriculture in general, and the nearest he came to suggesting labor legislation was to endorse the efforts of the Cotton Textile Institute to bring about agreement on a maximum of fifty-five hours for day shifts and fifty for night, although he did mention unemployment as a problem. It is to be noted, however, that more than half of the large delegation he appointed are cotton-mill owners, and that most of his comment on the possibility and desirability of united action in the South was connected with the situation in textiles. It is possible to interpret his move as wise strategy in approaching the problem of labor legislation. It is quite generally accepted in the South that legislatures will adopt no legislation affecting industry that does not have the support of the mill owners. There were no labor leaders in the delegations at Asheville. Most state officials are good politicians and accept this situation as inevitable. Through such an agency as the new Council, Governor Gardner and the others who are interested in new legislation may be able to win over the mill owners to their program, or they may have an opportunity to learn ahead of time how far they will go. It may be expected that, at the most, the legislatures

which will be in session early next year (after the meeting of the economic conference in October) will set hours at the fifty-five-fifty maximum, raise the minimum age from fourteen to sixteen, and perhaps prevent girls under eighteen from working at night.

IS CRIME more prevalent than a decade ago? If so, what kind of crime? Is the amount of litigation increasing? What classes of the community are most responsible for crime? What about the cost of litigation, or its delays? Opinions about such matters are as prevalent as facts to support them are lacking. We are, in the matter of systematic judicial information, according to a recent bulletin issued jointly by the Judicial Council of Ohio, the Ohio State Bar Association, and the Institute of Law of Johns Hopkins University, in the "Stygian darkness" of a "pre-statistical era." These bodies have jointly undertaken to lay out a continuous system of judicial statistics for Ohio which will throw real light on how the legal mechanism operates. Nobody would think of attempting to fly an airplane without an instrument board, yet for years of the modern age we have been trying to administer that infinitely more complex vehicle—justice—without any prompt or accurate information as to the direction in which it is heading, the effect of the surrounding conditions or the efficiency of its working parts.

Will Prosperity Return?

IT IS now abundantly clear that the predicted "spring revival" in business did not appear. Summer is normally a period of quiet, so that hopes are being pinned on the fall. Meanwhile it may be interesting to inquire into the meaning of the absence of recovery. Unless we know what particularly characterizes the current depression, and have some explanation of its cause, we have no grounds for prediction as to its end.

The first observation which appears to be justified is that the industrial slack was not the result of the performance of the stock market last year. There were only two passable reasons for ever thinking that it was.

On the one hand, people said that active trade had been due in large degree to the profits of a horde of successful speculators, and that the sudden cutting off of this stream of income would deprive business of purchases to which it had become accustomed. The New Republic has argued against this assumption on theoretical grounds, and there is now some proof of its unsoundness in the sequel. Between November and May there occurred a considerable boom in stock prices, financed by easy money and involving, toward the end at least, extremely active trading and widespread participation. Yet the speculative profits which must have resulted had no perceptible effect on general business, which so failed to improve that the market suffered another slump.

Another theory pointed out that the absorption of credit last year by bull speculation restricted the supply of loans for legitimate business like building and manufacturing. This was undoubtedly true, and yet, now that credit has been easy for months, production has not snapped back far toward the 1929 level. The most that can be claimed for the restoration of an ample supply of loanable funds is that it has stimulated the issuance of bonds for public and industrial construction, but the far more important factor of residential building still languishes, while manufacturing has not been improved much by low interest rates. Tight money was certainly an obstacle to recovery, but the removal of this obstacle is not enough. Business has to have a positive reason for increasing its operations, as well as ability to borrow in order to do so.

Those in positions of responsibility ought also to learn the lesson now that fabricated optimism is of no use. There is a prevalent superstition that good business is merely a matter of "confidence." When business executives lose confidence, according to this belief, they slow down; when they achieve it, they speed up. But the confidence game has been considerably overworked since last November. The flamboyant posters declaring "America is prosperous—keep it so!" plus the constant misrepresentations of the employment situation by Secretary of Labor Davis, plus the reiterated predictions of immediate revival by industrial leaders and spokesmen of the President, no doubt created a firm belief that full prosperity would return this spring. Confidence probably had an effect in starting the premature boom in stocks. But all the confidence possible did not assure industrial revival. Business has to have orders as well as hopes. We do not mean that psychological factors play no part in the conduct of industry. Executives frequently make mistakes either by overestimating or by underestimating the possibilities of the future. Either too much confidence or too little may hurt prosperity. Unwholesome boom and panic may both be avoided by more realistic thinking. Yet we cannot make business good merely by holding cheerful thoughts, any more than we can cure a physical disease by the same process.

In analyses of business prospects during the past few years, while prosperity was still with us, The New Republic set forth a hypothesis which it seems to us has been strengthened by the experience of the past six months. There has been, since 1923, a tendency of productive capacity to outrun the purchasing power of ultimate consumers, as measured in the figures of incomes of farmers, industrial and commercial wage-earners. The chief mystery, in view of this situation, was why depression did not arrive before. The reason it did not, according to this hypothesis, was that production

received an extraordinary stimulus from three main sources: the great and rapid expansion of the automobile industry to fill the demand for a new kind of article; the building boom, making up the war slack of housing and satisfying demands for a higher standard of living, and a large amount of exports financed by foreign loans. All these stimuli, it was said, were in great degree dependent on easy credit for the consumer. And all could not continue uninterrupted. There would come a time when the automobile industry would approach a saturation point; that is, when it would have to depend for further expansion very little on the demand from persons who had never owned a car and principally on the normal growth of population. There would come a time when the war slack of building would be more than made up, and when prospective home owners had absorbed the limit of the credit available on the basis of their existing incomes. And there would come a time when our foreign loans would cease expanding at such a rapid rate. When that time came, depression would come too.

All three forecasts seem to have been fulfilled. The automobile industry has fallen back on a reduced-production program. Building of homes is slow because effective demand for houses is lacking. Our exports of capital shrank rapidly last year; and the depression abroad has further reduced the foreign demand for our products. In the absence of revival in types of demand, the population has not the means with which to buy anywhere near all that can be, or has been, produced.

In one respect the present depression is not one of "overproduction" in the old sense. Many manufacturers and commercial firms controlling their orders more strictly in relation to the demand for their products, on the principle of "hand-to-mouth buying," do not have overloaded inventories to work off or mark down. But that does not mean that their full capacities are being utilized. And it does not mean that stocks of unsold commodities have not accumulated anywhere along the line from natural resources to retail stores. The primary producers seem, in many cases, to have been hard hit in this respect. Commodity after commodity, such as wheat, copper, coffee, cotton, has sunk in price because more had been turned out than could be sold. In some cases price control in these markets has in the past stimulated production; in other cases there has been no control; but in all cases the effective consuming capacity of the world has been insufficient to absorb the output. We have seen the effect in the steadily sinking levels of wholesale price indices.

The hope of autumn revival is really premised on the assumption that by that time these surplus stocks will be worked off and prices will begin to rise. This may be true, or it may not. The well informed will watch prices closely to determine the turning point. It would be fatuous to assert, without evidence, that prices have really reached the bottom.

At any rate, the hope of regaining anything like the burst of prosperity which the United States experienced between 1922 and 1929 would seem to lie in a more fundamental readjustment than a mere liquidation of unsold commodity stocks. That might definitely end the downward sweep; it would not, of itself, bring rapid and sustained expansion of production and the national income. What would seem to be required for such a phenomenon is something to take the place of booming automobiles, building and exports. What young giants of industry are being born? If no such special stimuli arrive, the only basic solution would seem to be a large and general increase in the purchasing power of farm incomes, wages and salaries such as we have not had in this country—contrary to the general impression—since 1923. An increase of this sort could theoretically occur in either of two ways: by a boost of money incomes, or by a general decrease in retail prices. But the first way is almost inconceivable as an accompaniment of depression. And the second way means a longer and more drastic depression than we have yet experienced.

The conclusion of this type of analysis seems then to be that, in the absence of special stimuli in the shape of large, new and expanding industries, such a prosperous era as we have recently experienced cannot again arrive without being preceded by a deeper depression than we have yet had—accompanied, of course, by a general increase in the efficiency of production which will make possible a higher average of incomes with a lower average of retail prices.

Billion Dollar Parity

THERE now seems little doubt that the Senate will ratify the London naval treaty. While certain big-navy men object to it on the ground that it gives us too many small cruisers and too few big ones, their group is apparently not large enough to endanger ratification, and the force of their argument is weakened by the fact that many naval experts are beginning to swing around in favor of the smaller cruisers, particularly because of the rapidity with which six-inch-guns such as they carry can be fired. The very readiness with which many Senators not at all internationally minded have come to the support of the London Treaty is a melancholy indication of the slight extent to which it alters the status quo in the direction of reduced armament. If it were more valuable it would encounter harder sledding.

The big-navy forces, recognizing that the treaty is likely to be accepted, are bending every effort to obtain a preliminary bargain as to the amount of building the United States shall undertake after ratification. They hope that by threatening to oppose the treaty they can get an agreement that we shall build as much as we are entitled to under its

terms—a program which would cost us nearly a billion dollars in a few years' time. The pacifists on the other hand are demanding, before they will use their very considerable influence in favor of ratification, a definite pledge that the United States will not build the ships necessary for the attainment of parity with Great Britain, their chief argument being that the Kellogg Pact makes such a tremendous increment in our fleet not only unnecessary but highly undesirable. Thus far, there has been no indication of Mr. Hoover's stand.

What are the arguments of those who think the United States should invest this huge sum of money in new building at the present time? There is, first of all, the theory that we shall then be in a better bargaining position with England in the next naval conference five years hence. But the history of the conference just ended shows the falsity of this idea. England is planning her navy, not in relation to the United States, but in relation to her European problem, in which the chief factors are France and Italy. For a period of some years after the Washington conference, it is true, her admiralty did not agree that the principle of parity with the United States, which was there set up as to battleships, extended also to other types of craft. The naval men adhered to the policy of British supremacy and while they did so, there was perhaps some validity to the argument for building in order to bargain more effectively. But their policy has now been discarded in favor of theoretical parity, if that word be interpreted to mean matching of ship for ship and gun for gun. The concession is a highly important one, but it is really a side issue for the British, whose chief problem is their relationship to France. Any reduction in the level at which parity has now been achieved must depend upon European politico-military arrangements in which the actual size of the American navy is no factor whatever.

The same argument is even more true in regard to the French navy. The conference showed clearly that France is not taking the United States into account in the remotest degree in her building program. The objects of her attention are England and Italy, just as Italy's are England and France. Mr. Stimson stated the situation succinctly in his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee this week:

> There were two distinct naval problems pending before the conference. One was the problem of the relation of the navies of America, Great Britain and Japan; and the other was the relation of the navies of Great Britain, France and Italy. Those two problems were united really only by the fact that Great Britain was a party to both.

The only other argument of those who want a huge building program for the United States is that this is necessary "to round out our fleet." The claim is made that there are certain requirements of a navy which exist without consideration of the size or character of any other fleet, and that we must spend a billion dollars in pursuit of this ideal. But the Hoover administration is definitely committed to the view that this is not the case. Mr. Hoover has repeatedly said in public addresses that all naval needs are relative. Either we build cruisers against some possible foe, or we do not build them at all. That possible foe is of course Great Britain, though most of the big-navy group are too canny to say so openly.

Is it good sense to build against Great Britain, even within the limits of the parity agreement, at the present time? If it is, what becomes of the Kellogg Pact which both nations have signed, solemnly renouncing aggressive warfare? What becomes of the principle of arbitration and conciliation reflected in so many treaties made by both powers? What becomes of the League of Nations, of which Great Britain is the chief member and with which the United States has been coöperating with steadily greater effectiveness in recent years? If in spite of all these instrumentalities we need additional military protection at this time, then we need far more guns and ships than the hardiest chauvinist in Washington now proposes.

Financially, the United States can of course afford to build a billion dollars' worth of ships. We are now, as our Fourth of July orators never tire of telling us, the greatest and richest nation on earth. Yet the present moment, when five or six million unemployed are walking the streets, when there are five million illiterates and fifteen million semi-illiterates in the country, when such fundamental industries as agriculture and textiles are gravely depressed, when we so badly need roads and schools and a whole new system of penal institutions, seems a poor moment to take even a billion dollars of the national income and pour it down such a sink hole of unproductive activity as building ships merely in order to change theoretical parity into actual equality. Certainly, if we are to do that, the big-navy people will have to come forward with more convincing arguments in its favor than we have yet heard.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1930, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY — BRUCE BLIVEN — MALCOLM COWLEY
R. M. LOVETT — GEORGE SOULE — EDMUND WILSON
STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS — JOHN DEWEY — WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON — E. C. LINDEMAN — LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES — R. G. TUGWELL — LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

Cheap Power in Ontario

During the recent controversy over public-utility regulation in New York state, Governor Roosevelt asserted that electricity rates in Ontario under public ownership were lower than in New York under private ownership. His figures were challenged by spokesmen of the privately owned New York companies. In this article Mr. Laidler tells the main facts about the development of the Ontario system, and summarizes the results of recent investigations by competent and impartial economists into the rates charged in Ontario and New York.—THE EDITORS.

DURING the Wall Street collapse, when many eyes were glued on the gyrations of electrical securities in the United States and Canada, there were certain such securities, among others, which caused no palpitation of the heart—those of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario. No small group of insiders in the days preceding the crash had grown rich from speculating on "Hydro," nor had any during the dark days of November or December been ditched as a result of pinning their faith to this great public undertaking. The consumers of electricity in Ontario had been the distinct gainers before the crash, and continued as gainers in the weeks following.

The story of "Hydro" is not unknown to the readers of The New Republic. For years the people of Ontario had pointed with pride to Niagara Falls, one of the scenic wonders of the world, which lay at their very doors. Late in the nineteenth century they awakened to the fact that the Falls had not only an esthetic value, but a utilitarian value as well; that it was a superb source of electrical energy. Private enterprise made bids for its development, and in a few years three energetic power plants were generating hydro-electric power, transmitting it to a limited extent throughout the province and charging "all the traffic would bear."

It was not long, however, before the people of the province began to question the wisdom of this policy of private development. "Why not," asked some of their business men and city workers, "generate and distribute our own electricity in our own plants and sell it to ourselves at cost? It would stimulate our industries. It would lighten the burdens of our farmers and our housewives. It would free the people of Ontario from the dangers of private monopoly."

The anthracite coal strike of 1902, and the realization of the uncertainty of coal supply from the United States, drove home the importance of hydro-electric power to their future development and gave renewed impetus to the movement for community ownership. In 1906 the agitation for such ownership led to the creation by the provincial legislature of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission with power to buy, generate, transmit and sell electricity to municipalities and to industrial consumers.

The Commission's start was a very modest one. Two years after its creation, it made contracts with some thirteen municipalities to sell them electric energy at wholesale. Thereupon it received a maximum of 100,000 horsepower from one of the larger private companies, the Ontario Power Company, and proceeded to build transmission lines for the distribution of this power. By 1910 it was actually distributing some electrical energy. Five years later it reached the limit of its 100,000 horsepower and had to purchase additional quantities from the remaining Canadian companies. In 1917 it bought out the Ontario Power Company. Soon after it purchased the Toronto Power Plant and started the immense Queenston-Chippawa development down the Niagara River. It advanced step by step in popularity under the vigorous and intelligent leadership of Sir Adam Beck and against the bitterest sort of opposition from private interests and the most disingenuous misrepresentation of subsidized propagandists.

Today the Commission supplies electricity to approximately 600 municipalities within its borders. It owns and operates the hydro-electric generating plants and transmits electricity to the borders of municipalities, while the latter take charge of the distribution of electrical energy to the ultimate consumer. Thus a partnership has been entered into between the provincial body and the municipalities, in which the local and provincial bodies perform the services for which each is best fitted. The Commission likewise stands ready at any time to help the municipalities in their financing and engineering programs and to perform specific tasks in engineering for the province when requested so to do.

At the end of the fiscal year 1928, the Commission reported investments of $211,000,000, and the local distributing systems, investments of $86,000,000, a total of nearly three hundred million. The total reserves held by both the provincial and municipal bodies for sinking fund, renewals, contingencies and insurance purposes amounted to a little more than one-fourth of the assets—$76,281,000. The combined municipal and provincial revenues for the fiscal year 1928 were $36,388,000. The net surplus of the "Hydro" Commission for the year, after meeting all charges, including reserves for sinking fund, etc., amounted to $940,000, and the surplus of the municipal utilities more than two million dollars.

The taxpayer has not spent a cent in the construction of either the provincial or municipal sys-

tems, with the exception of a subsidy given in the construction—but not operation—of lines to rural sections.

The provincial Commission is now operating no fewer than eight generating systems with twenty-five generating plants, the largest, in the nature of the case, the Niagara system. With recent additions, the Ontario public system has a total power supply of 1,400,000 horsepower.

"The function of the Commission," as its annual report announces, "is not only to use its best endeavors to provide for the people of Ontario, at cost, an adequate and reliable supply of electrical energy, but also to ensure that the cost of the electrical energy to the consumer shall be the minimum consistent with the financial stability of the enterprise." As accurate an estimate as possible is made at the beginning of each year of the rate calculated to cover all expenses. If the rate charged yields a large surplus, a reduction is made the following year. In case the surplus is consistently greater than desirable, a refund is given at the close of the year. The rates charged, as has been indicated, are sufficient to cover operating expenses, depreciation and the interest on the bonds issued, and to retire the bonds over a twenty- to forty-year period. Other contingencies are also provided for.

What have been the net results of this extensive public venture to date? What, if any, have been its advantages from the standpoint of the consumer and of the general public?

During the last decade or so, many investigations have been made of the workings of the "Hydro" both on the part of Canadians and of American citizens. Not all of them have been started in the interest of truth, pure and undefiled. Some have sought curious ways of discrediting the efforts of the late Sir Adam Beck and his colleagues. One investigator, for instance, an engineer with considerable prestige, sought to prove that the charge for street lighting in Toronto under public ownership was greater than that of street lighting in Buffalo under private ownership. He took the total cost of electric lighting on the streets of the two cities, divided it by the population of these cities, and concluded that street lighting in Toronto was more expensive per capita than street lighting per capita on the American side. In doing this, however, he forgot to mention—or perhaps he had never known—one significant fact: that about half of Buffalo was lighted by gas, while all of the public lights on the streets of Toronto were electric lights. If the relative total cost per capita for street lighting were compared, the result would be all in favor of Toronto.

The most extensive exploration into the workings of "Hydro" on the part of Canadian authorities was that of the Gregory Commission, appointed by the political opponents of the Hydro-Electric Commission. The investigators had a number of minor criticisms to make regarding the Ontario system, but, despite these criticisms, were unanimous in the belief that the system should be continued. "The principle of public ownership of water powers of the province and their development by the people for the people," they declared, "is, in our opinion, fundamentally sound and should be maintained at all hazards in its full integrity. That the organization of the Commission is financially sound there is not a shadow of a doubt."

The last available annual report of the Commission—that for 1928—shows something of the soundness of "Hydro" from the consumer's point of view. It indicates that consumers in municipalities which distribute seven-eighths of the total energy supplied to the homes of the province pay 1.9 cents per kilowatt hour or less; that those in cities and villages disposing of 12.1 percent of such electrical energy pay between 2 and 3.9 cents, and that only an infinitesimal part of the population (those in hamlets using one-tenth of one percent of electricity supplied to the domestic consumer) pay 7 cents or more.

In the twelve largest cities of the province, the cost per kilowatt hour ranges from nine-tenths of a cent in Ottawa to two and eight-tenths cents in Kingston, as follows:

City	Distance from Generating Station (Miles)	Average Monthly Consumption (Kilowatt Hour)	Average Monthly Bill	Net Cost per Kilowatt Hour (Cents)
Toronto	78	104	$1.68	1.6
Hamilton	53	124	1.91	1.5
Ottawa	1	231	2.02	0.9
London	123	140	2.09	1.5
Brantford	79	132	2.04	1.5
Kitchiner	95	131	2.22	1.7
Ft. William	87	372	2.53	
St. Catharines	18	153	1.89	1.2
Kingston	50	56	1.57	2.8
Petersborough	2	74	1.67	2.2
Niagara Falls	1	251	2.74	1.1
Stratford	19	153	2.78	1.8

One of the most recent investigations into the relative merits of the Ontario method and private ownership and operation of electrical power was that conducted by Dr. H. W. Peck of Syracuse University, in coöperation with Joseph Boyd Reid, consulting engineer of New York, Dean Louis Mitchell of the School of Applied Science of Syracuse University and Professor Ralph Dewey of the Department of Economics of Ohio State University.

The investigators sought to find out the difference between the costs and revenues of lighting and power in certain of the Ontario cities and comparable cities in western New York, where private ownership prevails. Two sets of comparisons were made, one between thirty-five New York distributing companies and thirty-three municipal distributing plants in Ontario, and another between eight large private companies in western New York and thirteen municipalities of the Niagara system in Ontario.

The Ontario plants studied, the investigators found, had the advantage of central administration and control, while a larger percentage of its

power was generated in hydro-electric plants, as contrasted with steam-driven plants.

On the other hand, the New York companies had definite economic advantages that could not be overlooked. They sold a larger proportion of their energy to industrials as power, and industrial power, as everybody knows, is cheaper to generate, transmit and distribute than is electrical energy used for household lighting. The New York companies had the advantage of widespread interconnection. In general, however, the advantages of the two systems, the committee felt, offset each other sufficiently to warrant comparison.

The investigators first took up relative costs of generating, transmitting and distributing electricity in the selected Ontario and New York sections and then considered relative revenues. Ontario costs were slightly less than those in New York. Taxes entered somewhat more into costs in the New York companies than they did in Ontario, although, when taxes are considered in terms of kilowatt hours, they do not seem to constitute a very important item. Thus, the New York companies paid .0925 cents per kilowatt hour for taxes—*less than one mill per kilowatt hour*—while the Ontario system paid .00723 cents per kilowatt hour.

However, while the private companies had to hand out a somewhat larger sum to the tax collector, the Ontario cities were accustomed to lay aside much more than those in New York for depreciation (.119 cents as against .091 cents), and, in addition, were constantly paying money into the sinking fund with the view of amortizing the bonds issued by the province and municipalities. From these sources "the Ontario municipalities collected .268 cents, or almost three times as much as was realized on this side of the border from the .097 cents of net payment in the form of taxes contributed by the private companies."

After disposing of costs, the committee considered the charges made to the consumer and the resulting revenue. It was here that the real differences were in evidence.

While the total costs in New York were 116 percent of those in Ontario, the total average retail revenues of the New York companies per kilowatt hour were 170 percent of those in the Ontario cities—in the New York companies, 2.26 cents per kilowatt hour; in Ontario, 1.33 cents. That, it must be remembered, is the average for all kinds of energy retailed—industrial power, street lighting, domestic and commercial lighting.

It is, as might be inferred, in the last-named division that we find the greatest differences in rates. In New York, the lighting consumers paid 5.64 cents per kilowatt hour. In Ontario, on the other hand, the average was less than two cents—1.88 cents, to be exact. Thus the New York rate for this important service was almost exactly three times as high as the Ontario rate. In street lighting, the charge in western New York was 270 percent of that in the comparable Ontario plants (5.80 cents per kilowatt hour in New York; 2.09 cents in Ontario).

And, finally, contrary to widespread rumor, the investigators concluded that even power was cheaper in Ontario. Consumers as a whole in these New York cities, paid about 30 percent more for industrial power than in the Canadian cities (1.13 cents as compared with .87 cents). And this was the case despite the larger proportion of industrial power distributed in New York (75.7 percent as compared with 55 percent). This seems effectively to dispose of the myth circulated in our high-power propaganda that power consumers in Ontario have to pay part of the expense of selling light and heat to Ontario housewives.

The committee next turned to an examination of the reasons for the lower rates in Ontario. They were not hard to find. A part of the spread (about 16 percent, the committee guessed) could be accounted for by lower producing costs. Some 7 percent of the difference was due to a difference in taxation. (Those two items, however, are almost offset by the fact that the Ontario consumers are putting aside money in the sinking fund and thus are purchasing an equity in the hydro system.)

The public plants in Ontario have the advantage of lower interest charges in municipal and provincial bonds. Private plants pay higher profits, which necessarily come out of the consumer. In many private concerns, moreover, the committee has found, resales of power lead to duplication of expenses. Thus, the Syracuse Lighting Company had to purchase power wholesale from the Niagara, Lockport and Ontario Company, which company in turn bought its energy from the Niagara Falls Power Company, the generating corporation. In Ontario, the consumer pays the cost of one generating and transmitting company, not several.

Under private ownership, "if the industry is overorganized, if there are unnecessary organizations interposed between the power house and the factory and home, if there are unnecessary promoters' profits, investment bankers' commissions, lawyers' fees, and presidents' and vice-presidents' salaries, the consumer is expected to pay the bills."

In the final analysis, conclude Dr. Peck and his colleagues, "the chief factor in the lower average charges to the user of electricity in Ontario is what may be called super-power for service at cost. By this is meant that they sell power at lower rates because, owing to unified planning and control, actuated by the social motive, they have developed a symmetrical and efficient distribution of capital and personnel throughout the industry. The Ontario system, as an industry of decreasing costs, has, moreover, shown practical wisdom in its steady reduction of charges to consumers. Reduced charges have led to increased sales, increased sales have brought about a sharp decline in costs per kilowatt hour, and lower costs have allowed further cuts in rates without financial deficit."

The New York companies, on the other hand, according to the committee, "seem to have a rule-of-thumb policy of price maintenance and cost reduction. They assumed, as regards domestic service, that they were dealing with a sellers' market, when it was a buyers' market.

"If equally efficient managers could be secured through high salaries or from the ranks of socialized experts, public operation in New York would lead to lower rates or prices, because interest charges would be somewhat less, the policy of amortizing the debts would lead to eventual reductions of considerable size, and the profits could be distributed in the form of reduced charges to a large number of people, while under private management the income would be distributed to a few inside managers and the owners of common stock."

A supplementary analysis of comparative rates by Professor William E. Mosher and associates of Syracuse gives similar results. Professor Mosher places chief reliance on the relative monthly bills in New York and in Ontario, rather than on the relative cost of electricity per kilowatt hour, on the ground that the amount of service associated with kilowatt hours may differ widely under varying conditions. After an elaborate comparison of monthly bills for nine classes of domestic, commercial and industrial power consumers in five Ontario cities, and in fourteen cities in western, northern and southeastern New York, Professor Mosher concludes that the cost of ordinary domestic service in New York state is between two and three times as much as in Ontario. "Large power consumers in Buffalo and Niagara Falls," he asserts, "have lower costs than the cities across the border, but large power users in the other New York state groups pay from 60 to 170 percent more than the cost of similar service in the Ontario group of cities":

> The advantage in lower costs to the small commercial and industrial power users in Ontario as contrasted with those in New York cities is even more conspicuous. The New York state costs for such service are seen to vary from one and a half to four times as much as on the Ontario side. . . . There seems to be no sound basis for the repeated contention that large industrial consumers are penalized in Ontario by subsidizing small users, at least to such an extent that the practice brings their cost above the average that is paid in New York cities. Finally, it has been urged that the privately operated companies in Quebec are delivering power at lower figures than in Ontario. The data submitted . . . do not bear out that statement.[1]

All of which is in line with the conclusions reached by H. S. Raushenbush of the Committee on Coal and Power, in the brief presented to the Commission on the Revision of the Public Service Laws of New York State. Mr. Raushenbush estimates that the New York domestic consumer pays two and a half times as much as does the city man in Ontario for forty kilowatt hours; over three times as much for eighty kilowatt hours, and over five times as much for 250 kilowatt hours.

These conclusions do not constitute the last word on the subject of Ontario. Their authors claim no finality. They are willing to concede the possibility of errors of judgment here and there. Complete data on rates in New York and elsewhere are at times difficult to secure. Yet the facts here presented, corresponding in fundamentals as they do with those of other competent and disinterested students, cannot be ignored by citizens desirous of helping in the solution of our present power tangle. They should assist in providing a basis for sound, constructive social action in the days immediately ahead.

HARRY W. LAIDLER.

Three Frenchmen's Churches

PERHAPS a very humane civilization can be erected when there is an etiquette of thinking. The presence of authoritarian principles could unquestionably make the procedure of living more readily governable than is the case at present. There is much esthetic satisfaction, at least, in ruling a difficulty out of existence—and social ills can be eliminated from the public consciousness by editing. Or maybe not. In any event, there are outstanding men who would decide upon a "call to order" in the very midst of the confusion. They would end the turmoil abruptly by a ukase decreeing harmony. They would react against the uncertainty of contemporary values by giving a blanket endorsement to values once accepted. Three Frenchmen, Messrs. Maurras, Massis and Maritain, have advocated the restoration of Catholicism as an intellectual force. They define our contemporary problems as moral problems, and offer Catholicism as a solution. They are, incidentally, regarded as allies by the American Humanists. The present essay proposes to outline their position briefly, and discuss its cogency.

I

Charles Maurras, an ardent polemic writer prominent in the *Action Française*, finds many social ills—declining population, abandonment of the farms, deforestation, revolutionary agitation in the

[1] Mosher and Others, "Electrical Utilities," pp. 259 ff

industrial centers, desiccation of local life, centralization, and increasing control by the State. At the same time, however, he holds that "the development of industry, commerce and agriculture, under the encouragement of science and machinery, the enormous economic translation which they instigated, the resultant soaring of finance, the general activity which it represents, the extension of life, the multiplication and growth of fortunes, particularly personal fortunes, are facts of the highest quality. We may distrust them for one or another of their possible consequences. But the more we examine these facts in themselves, the less cause we find for blaming them."

M. Maurras has not, to my knowledge, ever discussed specifically why the vices listed above are not attributable to the same cause as the virtues. Though he feels that the vices all "flow from a single historic source," he does not believe that the virtues come from the same source as the vices. To some persons the vices and virtues might seem of a piece, obverse and reverse of the same factors. Certain of the great fortunes he admires, for instance, must have arisen out of deforestation, or their development must have had integral bearing upon disorders in the industrial centers. It is no mere accident, however, that M. Maurras chooses to find different origins for our modern vices and virtues. For he proposes to attack the vices at the roots, and did the vices and virtues have the same roots, by destroying the roots of the vices he would necessarily destroy the roots of the virtues.

Following his own line of reasoning, we must leave the modern "virtues" to flourish of themselves, while we turn our attention to his genesis of the vices. The vices are our inheritance from the French Revolution, and stem with great consistency from the pages of Rousseau, Kant and Hegel. Essentially the trouble lies in the emphasis which Rousseau and subsequent romantics place upon the individual will. By the coarsest part of Rousseau's public, the German, his doctrines were accepted to the letter: what had once been considered ignorance, imperfection and weakness, could now lay claim to a barbarous freshness, with corresponding superiority over the aridity and exhaustion imputed to every instructed, cultivated and mellowed race. Arts, letters, science, tradition, the past, in short everything that was *finished,* no longer counted. Pure nature led immediately into the divine, and it alone could address the world in the infallible words of the future. Under this subversive ideology, one looked for guidance to ignorant men and backward peoples. Henceforth, in verse and prose, philosophy and the novel, you find "this newborn principle of the absolute sovereignty of will and human nature, and of conscience, which is the most arbitrary of sentiments."

M. Maurras pictures France after the Thirty Years' War, entering the great period of its genius and thought, the apogee of its order and nature—a monarchic State, a Catholic religion, and an art to express this fair season appropriately. How different are things under the romantic decay! Indeed, in reading M. Maurras' picture of the monarchy, and his plea for another king, one is at a loss to explain how the Revolution ever got under way. It seems to have arisen as an act of perversity, a gratuitous development in literary style. Could a movement go so far unless its slogans were needed? I grant that many of these slogans now seem absurd. The doctrine of the innate goodness of man, of man born good and depraved by society, becomes meaningless in the light of recent psychology, as likewise does the theological doctrine of original sin. But diseases are cured by poisons; one error is canceled by another. Whatever the doctrine of natural goodness was as the statement of a fact, in its function as a working principle, a slogan, it acted as the neutralization of a formula which no longer served. It was a plus sign to balance the old minus sign and allow one to start at zero.

M. Maurras matches the actual republic against his ideal monarchy. Consider, for instance, his advantage in comparing the financial condition of the monarchy with the financial condition of republican France between 1789 and 1799. Further, consider the great war which Rousseau caused in 1914. I have never understood the reasoning about this war. Messrs. Maurras, Massis and Maritain would give the impression that war is a new thing. None of them, to my knowledge, has distinguished between this war and wars of the past.

Possibly this particular war, in its particular form, would have been avoided had religious feelings remained religious feelings without being deflected into patriotism, and had the Church been a power for economic unification—though we have the example of the Crusades to remind us that Catholicism can make wars of its own. Our hope for the future avoidance of such disasters lies greatly in the further weakening of the religious, of the respect for moral authority as it survives in the secular form of patriotism—but this hope must be deferred until there are fewer men like M. Maurras in the world. For he openly conceives of his country's glory as an efficiently warlike glory, condemning a republican state because it tends to let its army and navy languish in time of peace, and pointing to the Treaty of Versailles as proof that a republic "does not know how to prepare, or conclude, or exploit a peace." Because France was a republic, it could not keep its grip on the Ruhr, the Emperor of Germany was "practically released from all pursuit," and the standing army was decreased. Or going further back, because France was a republic the guilty Dreyfus was released, and that by a violation of Article 445 of the *Code d'Instruction Criminelle.*

A patriot and a royalist, but also an agnostic, M. Maurras comes to embrace Catholicism for purely political reasons. As a political credo he adheres to "the learned cortège of councils, of Popes and

of all the great men of the modern élite," nor will he turn from these to place his confidence "in the gospels of four obscure Jews." His religious affiliations on these terms have been embarrassing to the Church, and in 1926 Rome called believers away from any allegiance to this dangerous and brilliant man.

II

With M. Massis, who has reversed himself, and changed from an opponent of Maurras into a fierce disciple, the cause of the ill is broadened. He finds the welfare of the Church Militant endangered by the Orient. We may oppress Asia with our armies, but Asia is a still greater menace to us—she threatens to undermine us with her philosophy. Romanticism and Rousseau here become secondary—it is the Buddha that threatens us. The philosophy of the Buddha is creeping over Europe and disintegrating our healthy realism, our philosophy of absolute values, our belief in the individual person. We must distrust "the Hindu Brahman and the Chinese ascetic"—particularly, I might add, since certain American Humanists have been tricked into welcoming these influences. M. Massis reconstructs for us the ideal Occidental:

> The Christian is the runner in the stadium, the man who aims ever higher, who tirelessly propels his whole being towards that which is outside himself, in advance of himself, and which he will not reach until the end of his action, in a struggle in which defeat is rewarded with more than death. The heaven to which he aspires is not proposed to him as the annihilation of nirvâna, but as something to be taken by force and violence. *Quantum potes, tantum aude.*

It suggests, among other things, the Spaniard in Mexico.

Let us consider, however, what this Christian soldier has to fear. The Buddha imperils him thus: "Those who do me hurt and those who give me joy, towards all I am the same. I know neither inclination nor hatred. In pleasure and in pain, I remain unmoved; in honor and the absence of honor, everywhere I remain the same." Safety for safety, the Christian warrior seems a little too well armed; a dissenter might hope to fare better under the Asiatic system.

"The Defense of the West" is a vast *argumentum ad hominem*, justifying the "truth" of the faith on the basis of its past profits. Furthermore, the Church is taken as the *cause* of our civilization, not as one of its modes, though the logical reasons for this assumption are not given. If I choose to hold that Catholicism was merely one of the many conflicting ways in which the genius of our civilization manifested itself (often in conflict, for instance, with our science), but was not necessarily a prime mover, M. Massis has provided no refutation. He has assumed that concomitance is identical with cause. He happens to have chosen the Church as a cause. But some economists, noting that machinery was absent in the Middle Ages and is prevalent today, have by the same *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* method of reasoning concluded that machinery is the source of our difficulties. M. Massis' argument for the Catholic religion, when reduced to a syllogistic form, must run somewhat like this: we reached a more satisfactory state of civilization in the past: *and* we had a strong Church in the past; therefore, the Church was the cause of the more satisfactory civilization. Some might choose to say that the satisfactory civilization was the cause of the Church. Let us, for the moment, assume that the past *was* more satisfactory, though M. Massis has gone to no great pains to prove it. And let us even assume that his syllogism is cogent, that the Church was the cause of this more satisfactory past. This would still not prove that the Church could be the cause of a similar satisfactory condition in the future, since so many other factors have changed. To prove that a Church was needed for a medieval system of society does not prove that it is needed for ours.

M. Massis does not discuss the possibility that a civilization like ours, which has changed so radically from the time when the Church flourished, might need a new philosophy if it is to adjust itself to these new conditions. With our present multiplication of power, whereby a very slight effort can do enormous mischief, and the unemotional pressing of a button can, in a few seconds, cause an amount of damage which once required the sustained wrath of hundreds of men, perhaps we need precisely some element of Oriental passivity if our civilization is not to be endangered by its own energy.

III

With Jacques Maritain we pass into a much calmer territory. This subtle dialectician is a pleasure to read, if only through delight in the processes of his mind. Well equipped in the methodology of the scholastics, he has devoted himself to the reapplication of Thomist philosophy to modern conditions. He is not a pamphleteer, a player upon fears and resentments, as are our two previous critics, who, even if they were right, would only too often be winning us to their cause for the wrong reasons. He is fighting under difficulties—for today relativism is easy and absolutism is hard—so one can better admire the sportsmanship of his struggle than its results. His most characteristic trait is his tact. Like Mgr. Deploige in his "Conflit de la Morale et de la Sociologie," he works to prove that the system of Saint Thomas has taken care of practically everything that could happen; he shows that all significant modern tendencies were either refuted in advance or admitted in advance; and he makes his pages both entertaining as performances and innocuous as conclusions.

Consider, for instance, his attack upon Einstein. Admitting himself incapable of discussing Einstein

as a physicist, he grants the validity of Einstein's physical theories, then advances to attack Einstein as a metaphysician. Whatever the physical world may be, he insists that by the Thomist nomenclature a realistic world is preserved as a metaphysical reality. It is delicate work, deftly accomplished, but metaphysics is saved at the expense of its importance. If a non-Einsteinian metaphysics grants that it cannot refute an Einsteinian physics, we can only say that it has gracefully retired.

Whatever one may think of M. Maritain's findings, there is an inspiration in the spectacle of his meticulousness. The mere suavity of his work restores our faith in the culture of his religion, where the vigor of Messrs. Maurras and Massis arouses misgivings. More enterprising esthetically than our American Humanists, he can respect the "rules of art" while holding that one can observe these rules by breaking them—and he suggests that Aristotle would, for this reason, enjoy the music of Erik Satie. Similarly, with the argument as to the "unmorality" of art, he contrives ably by holding (a) that the artist, as artist, is entitled to be unmoral, that his ends are sufficient to themselves, but (b) that the artist, as a man, must adapt his work to the prescriptions of morals. M. Maritain shows us the inclusive side of Catholic thinking, that aspect of the Catholic method whereby more could always be let in if it had to be (Saint Thomas, at least as interpreted by M. Maritain, seems to have avoided anything as rigid as, for instance, the Protestant doctrine of predestination, by which definite inclusions and exclusions are made once and for all). The new inclusions are not creative, to be sure—M. Maritain shows that the Church can often find ways of quieting the stormers at its doors by admitting them, but these stormers must come from without.

IV

In conclusion, what objection could one possibly have to M. Maritain's Church? It is innocuous, it furnishes elevated topics of discussion and a deft method for discussing them. Could Messrs. Maurras and Massis have remained silent, we might readily have thought that the militant aspects of orthodoxy were gone forever, and have easily been won over to this calm and ineffectual body. But the two bellicose champions remind us of the secular tasks to which a vigorous religion can always be put.

I grant that there are many dissatisfactory elements in our society at the present time. I grant that many things are in a decline. Yet we are always in the decline of something, and merely because historians happen to choose certain manifestations of culture for their topics, let us not assume that there is an *absolute decline* when we find that some of these manifestations are declining. Even a decline of "ideals" is no reliable test of impoverishment. It is a prevalent habit, for instance, to rate American civilization as inferior to Russian on the grounds that the American system is without ideals, whereas the Russian reformers bring great moralistic zest to the handling of their problems. Looking further, we find that much of this moralistic zest is expended on the effort to obtain some such efficiently functioning system of distribution as exists in America already. When trains run on time, good train schedules must necessarily disappear as an "ideal," and similarly the nobler ideals of coöperation can vanish from our vocabulary. We may find much evidence in the disparateness of feudal barons to justify a contention that the ideal of Catholic unity and order flourished best when such unity and order were socially non-existent. In one respect we may all be followers of Rousseau—all victimized by the hypertrophy of a critical vocabulary, all finding ills because of the growing nomenclature for ills, and mistaking our discovery of these ills for the growth of them. And we tend, among other things, to make no distinction between a loss of liberty and a rise of traffic regulations.

But even if the unsatisfactory elements in the life of today were proved unmistakably attributable to Rousseau, and to romanticism, and to the humanitarian theories which the American Humanists attack as the corollary of the doctrine of man's original goodness, we should still not be forced to conclude that an anti-Rousseau, anti-romantic and anti-humanitarian policy is required for righting these dissatisfactory elements. We can still assert that these excesses are capable of refinement within their own terms, that every romantic deviation merely forms the basis of its own classicism, once the process of maturing and revision through successive generations has been completed. The loss of authoritarian principles may be a "healthy" process, a stage in readjustment, admittedly an impoverishment in itself, as with the razing of an old structure, but necessary to new building.

This brings me to the real danger which seems to me to lurk at this time in the training of our interests upon such indirect or "cultural" cures as religion or Humanism. The issues to be faced are confused by the introduction of alien terms. To ask for the restoration of religion in order that religion may in turn restore society is to focus one's exhortations upon indirect remedies. For if religion were successfully restored, we should then have to begin studying the application of religion to those specific social problems. It would be too much like getting stick to beat dog to bite pig to make it jump over the stile. Also, it seems to be about as enormous an undertaking to get religion back as it is to handle our secular problems on a direct secular basis. Though it is probably true that ninety people out of a hundred would still pray in an earthquake, this tendency to bargain with the Father is not much on which to reërect an all-pervading structure of faith.

There are two ways of reaching a satisfactory adjustment between the individual and his environ-

ment. He may change the environment to suit his desire, or he may change his attitude to suit the environment. We must have a reserve of subjective changes to fall back upon when the objective changes prove beyond our power; but let us never resign ourselves to an ache by recourse to philosophy until we are sure that the ache cannot be removed. Bad hygiene in the East bears witness that the subjective adjustment can be made too soon. We need not call our present system good. We need merely recognize that it is undeniably present and that, like a fire, it must be met in its own terms. We must reserve our nobler manner for less homely issues.

Dignity? Yes, there seems to be a thirst for personal dignity. There is a trace of the hysterical, the devious, in this need of dignity. Dignity belongs to the conquered; we leave the room with dignity when we have been routed; the victor can romp. Dignity is a subjective adjustment. It is objectively unpliant; it is unbiological, a dignified man could not run from a lion. We meet facts objectively without dignity. We sacrifice our authority, first asking what mean task the outside thing demands of us. Dignity is Ptolemaic, indignity is Copernican. The development of man in Europe, someone has said, has been a loss of personal dignity in proportion to his mastery of nature.

KENNETH BURKE.

Unemployment in Agriculture

The Fourth Contribution to the Symposium, "Hard Times for Farmers"

UNEMPLOYMENT is generally thought of as an industrial complaint, a sympton of maladjustment in the relationship between capital and wage-labor. Farmers are supposed to be largely immune. It is often said that the farmer has one very great advantage over the wage-earner, in that he cannot usually be fired. As a matter of fact, this is an illusion. Farmers can be fired, and very frequently are; and they have been fired in exceptional numbers in recent years. Thousands are now underbidding city dwellers in a competitive struggle for an inadequate number of jobs.

Comparisons between rural and urban standards of living are difficult to make, because country and city values are not the same. It takes less cash to run a home in the country, and the fact that average cash incomes on the farm are less than average cash incomes in the city does not prove that the farmers are worse off than the wage-earners. After all, there are intangible values in farm life which cannot be measured in cash. But security is not so substantial an item in these intangible values as most people imagine. Our farm population in January, 1929, was estimated at only 27,511,000, compared with 28,980,000 in January, 1925, and 32,076,960 in January, 1910. This decline, in a period of rapidly growing urban population, meant that farmers were being fired.

As to the cause, it is largely identical with the cause of urban unemployment. Technical progress does farmers as well as wage-earners out of their jobs. In the four years from 1925 till 1928, inclusive, agricultural output in the United States was, according to the Department of Agriculture, about 16 percent greater than in the period from 1919 to 1922, though the acreage in farms was somewhat smaller and the farm personnel much smaller. Fewer farmers, using less land, produced an enlarged output by substituting engine power for work animals and by raising better field crops and livestock. This technical progress benefited the consumer rather than the producer, because the market did not expand sufficiently to absorb the resulting increased production. It was left to the ruthless force of competition to determine which farmers should be allowed to carry on, and which should be required to find other work or starve.

When a farmer has to be fired, he gets more notice than the wage-earner usually does, but that is about the only important difference. Some farmers, it is true, refuse to be fired, no matter how hardly the game goes against them; but these people are a class apart, not truly within our system of commercial farming. Many such are to be found on poor lands in the mountain districts of the South, and in the "marginal-land" areas of New England. Where the commercial farmers would be forced out, these marginal men tighten their belts and retire into a sort of domestic farm-economy, in which they produce something for their own tables but very little for the market. They are not really a part of our farming system, because the land they till is generally not capable of being farmed economically, and the commercial surplus they produce is practically negligible. It is significant, nevertheless, that nearly 40 percent of the country's farm population, according to the Department of Agriculture, live on small farms of poor and difficult land, on a very low standard of living. In considering the rural aspects of unemployment, the strictly marginal farmers must be

largely ignored. It is not they, but the members of a group higher in the scale, who quit when farming becomes abnormally unprofitable. This group is eased out, not by the stern command of an immediate boss, but by the slower process of discouragement or pressure of debt. Sometimes owners become tenants, while tenants drop to the status of hired men. Young folks leave the farm as often by compulsion as by choice.

In short, the unemployment problem, far from being a strictly urban phenomenon, embraces agriculture. In former times a surplus of labor in the cities of the United States was easily drawn off into the country, and became a force for national development. Today the country looks to the cities to absorb a rural labor surplus, in which are numerous individuals not accustomed to thinking of themselves as a part of the nation's labor supply. For the first time in American history, our unemployed have nowhere to go. If they are in the cities, they cannot flee to the land, because our farms already produce more than can be satisfactorily sold. If they are on the farms, they cannot go to the cities, unless they wish to lengthen the breadlines. Everywhere the power to produce increases faster than the power to consume, and production capacity runs to waste while people starve. On all sides is raised the cry that production must be curtailed. This is demanded, not out of perverseness, though it may seem perverse to suggest curtailed production in a needy world, but as a result of our inability to make consumption keep pace with it.

This article will not attempt to solve a riddle that has kept economists guessing for several generations. Why production tends to outrun consumption has been variously explained, but none of the explanations goes sufficiently into detail. It is a truism that, in economics, an explanation which is too general is no explanation at all, since it admits too many exceptions and deviations from the norm. A general idea, however, may be the first step toward a solution of the problem of why production outruns consumption; and the idea that the trouble is principally a faulty distribution of income has impressive corollaries. Obviously, an undue concentration of income compels the transformation of an excessive proportion of it into capital goods instead of consumption goods. When the recipients exhaust their own consumption power, they can do nothing with the rest of their income but turn it into capital. Since, however, the need for new capital is limited in advance by the fact that income does not remain in the hands of those who could use it abundantly in the purchase of consumption goods, there is soon an oversupply of capital as well as of commodities. That is by the way. The immediate purpose is to examine the remedies proposed for overproduction and unemployment on the farm.

These may be roughly put in three categories. Only the first seems completely without economic justification—namely, the proposal, now made by an increasing number of farmers, that agriculture should call a halt in the race for more efficiency. In the last decade, it is held, increased efficiency has meant increased distress, since it has stimulated production beyond the capacity of the market and has thus caused prices to fall. A return to more primitive methods, it is argued, would give the market a chance to catch up with the product. Unfortunately, a concerted repudiation of efficiency is impossible; and it would not be effective if it were. It would cause a greater rise in costs of production than in prices, and would mean loss rather than gain to the farmer, while at the same time adding to the burdens of the consumer. The absurdity of the idea that it might do the farmer good to turn back the clock of progress makes one doubt that it can be widely held, but it is. Farmers continually complain that government agencies are inconsistent in urging efficiency on the one hand and reduced production on the other. They fail to see that the object of efficiency is to reduce the costs, rather than to increase the volume, of production.

The second remedy for farm unemployment would seek a cure by temporarily heightening the malady. It contemplates driving not fewer, but more, farmers from the farms. Though the net loss of population from the farms of the United States has exceeded 4,000,000 persons since 1920, a further blood-letting is recommended. Large farms, specialized production and increased use of power machinery are held to be steadily reducing the number of necessary farmers. Those who believe we still have too many farmers have more faith in the power of the cities to absorb surplus farm population than present conditions seem to warrant. At any rate they are convinced that technical progress on the farm will supersede labor faster than any probable increase in the demand for farm products will create a need for it.

There is at least one important advantage in the automatic liquidation of surplus labor and capital from agriculture. It tends to shrink the farm plant and the farm personnel where shrinkage will do the most good for agriculture as a whole. In other words, it lets out the high-cost men and the high-cost acres, so that average costs of production are reduced. In our present circumstances, however, reliance on the further liquidation of the agricultural industry is a counsel of despair, since the displaced farmers would have nowhere to go.

The third remedy is that proposed by the federal government—namely, that farmers should act in concert to reduce production. Admittedly, this method has defects from a strictly economic standpoint. It involves an increase in average costs of production, by reason of the fact that an equitable appointment of the reduction would take out perhaps as many low-cost acres as high-cost acres. It would call upon the efficient as well as the inefficient to cut down their output. It would put a heavy

strain on human nature, because production at low prices temporarily, by eliminating weak competitors, is often a good policy for certain producers. All this is undeniable. And yet a general rationing of agricultural work may be as socially desirable in certain circumstances as a shorter work-week is for union labor. Sharing an inadequate supply of work, though not the surest way to reduce costs of production, often lessens distress among wage-earners. There is no reason why it should not have the same effect among farmers. It looks like a better emergency policy than throwing more farmers on the city streets.

Nothing is open, of course, but a choice of evils. The cure for unemployment, rural as well as urban, has not yet been found. Every course available involves economic loss in one form or another. Farm abandonment means jettisoning agricultural investment and throwing trained men into idleness or unsuitable employment. Concerted action to reduce output means a rise in production costs. Slowing up the technical advance of agriculture would have the same effect, while giving our foreign competitors an advantage. The immediate practical question is which course would involve the least loss. If we think in terms of human welfare, as well as of money, the balance would seem to lie strongly in favor of concerted action to reduce output. That course would help to keep farmers from swelling the ranks of urban unemployed, and would be effective in raising farm commodity prices. To sacrifice these possibilities in favor of a more rapid consolidation of farms and a greater mechanical efficiency in agriculture hardly looks like good sense.

Meanwhile, the fundamental nature of unemployment still demands elucidation. Idle production capacity and hungry people in the same economic system are a glaring anomaly. We were thought to have disposed of it in the United States, through the economy of high wages. We have never done so even temporarily. From 1923 to the autumn of 1929, during which period the United States reached the highest level of prosperity ever known, millions of American farm people eked out an existence on the equivalent of a few hundred dollars a year. Had prosperity been easily obtainable in the cities, they would have gone there, but it was not. The wolf is never more than a few paces from the door of a large part of our population. Our philosophy of increased production at higher wages so that we may have increased consumption, though it is not wholly ineffective, runs into blind alleys. Perhaps it is because we have not applied it boldly. Perhaps it is not really sound.

ARTHUR P. CHEW.

In the fifth contribution to this symposium, Mr. Robert Stewart will discuss the problem of whether the marginal farmer should be kept on the farm.—THE EDITORS.

Washington Notes

AS THE Hoover administration swings along—some would say stumbles along—toward the off-year elections, when will occur the first test of whether or not it retains the popular approval so overwhelmingly given in 1928, it becomes increasingly apparent that its basic trouble is the Senate. If any President has had more unfortunate relations with that body, his name cannot now be recalled. Plenty of Presidents have had recalcitrant Senates, Senates with majorities against them, Senates that thwarted and opposed them at every turn. But no President—at any rate no President whom I can remember—has had a Senate in which there was so little effective support from his own party. It is difficult to assign the reason. There are perhaps a number, but the one I suspect as most potent is the unique party position, or rather lack of position, of Mr. Hoover himself. This, I think, more than anything else, accounts for the unusual hostility toward him in the Senate. To this, more than anything else, is due the reluctance with which the Senate receives administration suggestions or acts upon administration recommendations. The feeling of the Democrats toward Mr. Hoover is easily understandable. Partly it is the follow-through of a campaign almost unprecedented in bitterness, and partly it is reaction against the pre-election overpraise of Mr. Hoover, the advertisement of him as a superman, the touting of him as the Great Efficiency Engineer.

The feeling against him in both wings of his own party dates even further back. With some of his party members it goes as far back as 1920. That's the year Hiram Johnson started hating him, and it is also the year, it is charged, when Hoover first discovered that he was a Republican. With others it goes back only to the Kansas City convention, where he was the choice of neither element and ran away with the nomination largely because of the political ineptitude of his opponents who, violating the first axiom of politics, tried to beat somebody with nobody. Rarely has there been a Republican candidate for the presidency more reluctantly supported after his nomination by his so-called "party leaders." Their frame of mind recalled that of the old-line Democrats back in the days when the late William Jennings Bryan regularly rode the Democratic donkey as its perennial presidential candidate. That was the way the party felt toward Herbert in his campaign. Their support was given to the Republican ticket, not to him personally. Now that he is in the White House, the antagonism of both elements is more or less unconcealed. It is apparent that Mr. Hoover does not belong to either one wing or the other. He is neither a Progressive nor an Old Guardsman. He is nothing like as liberal as the blown-in-the-bottle Progressives and he is far short of being as reactionary as the regular stand-pat group. The result is that the Progressive element is violently against him, and the Old Guard coterie give him only occasional and entirely surface support, privately pulling back just as much as they can. Of course, it is a rather paralyzing thing for Mr. Hoover to have as the administration floor leader the amiable and massive Watson, who is neither personally nor politically in tune with him, and never was.

Under these circumstances one would have expected Herbert to have concentrated upon the development of a

personal Senate leader who could supply the deficiencies, so far as he is concerned, of the Watson leadership. He is not without friends in the Senate; but he has signally failed to do this. Placing the Old Guard group at about fifteen and the Progressives approximately at eleven, this leaves but thirty Republican Senators, nearly all of whom are friends of Mr. Hoover, anxious to support him, wanting to make his administration a success. It is pointed out that these Hoover Senators constitute by far the largest group of Republicans and are more influential in party affairs than either of the others. This may be so, but it does not alter the fact that they are ineffectual in the Senate, the reason being that they have developed among their number no leader capable of inspiring the necessary cohesion among the rest. The man who attempted it—Vandenberg of Michigan—has not been successful. He is not personally popular with his colleagues. He too obviously wanted to establish himself as the New Guard boss. It was not in him to put it over, and no one else was encouraged to try. As a result the thirty Hoover Republicans, outnumbering both the other groups combined, have floundered and flopped about in the Senate. Through lack of compactness and competent direction they have failed completely to make themselves count. They dismally drooped in the tariff fight. They broke all to pieces in the Parker battle. They are not even a unit in the matter of the naval treaty. They just don't make the grade.

The result is that the administration fares very poorly indeed in the Senate. The Democratic-Progressive assault is the dominant note, and it is without adequate answer. Hoover's defense is left almost entirely in the hands of the lukewarm and not-to-be-taken-seriously Watson, the ebullient Allen of Kansas, who is an appointed Senator and must run again this fall, and the repetitious Fess of Ohio, whose historical erudition does not prevent his speeches from being extremely dull, nor him from being the most hide-bound Republican partisan in the Senate. Altogether, it is the sort of situation calculated to depress any President, and there is reason to believe that it is particularly depressing to this one. It not only frustrates his plans and saps the strength of his administration, but permits his own party enemies, aided by the Democratic publicity bureau, constantly and consistently to put him in an unfavorable light before the country. Moreover, the prospect is that from this angle the Senate situation will be worse, not better, in the next session. There is no chance that the Democrats will gain control of the Senate as a result of the fall election, but there is an apparent certainty that they will increase their membership anywhere from three to eight, thus making a controlling coalition with the Progressives easier and more effective.

Grieving over these things, some of poor Herbert's well wishers with whom I have talked believe that if he dealt with the Senate situation efficiently, conditions there could be turned from a liability into an asset. The Senate is, they point out, unpopular in the country, even when it does not deserve to be. In any controversy between the Senate and the President the overwhelming disposition of the people is to side with the President. If Herbert could be got to put aside his idea of the high dignity of his great office, if he would recognize as futile the effort to get along with a Senate such as he has on his hands and abandon it, if he would rise up about once a week—preferably on Monday morning—and give the Senate opposition a resounding wallop, it would help him politically more than anything else. Of course, the opposition would hit back. Irate Senators in the hostile group would take the floor, bellowing defiance and denunciation. But the advantage would be with the White House so far as the public is concerned. It always is. The President has the better megaphone and the stronger voice. Personally, I think the idea a sound one. So far as legislation is concerned, he would certainly be no worse off than now.

Whether or not he can bring himself to the point of adopting an offensive instead of a defensive policy toward the Senate I do not know. Those closest to him say that the idea, so industriously spread by his detractors, that he will not fight, is not well based. He will not fight, they assert, until it seems to him that a fight is the only way out. He will never fight simply for the love of fighting; but when he does fight, he fights like the devil, and before his first term is over the people will find it out. I would like to think so. And perhaps it is so. The fact that his relatively brief political career is without a trace of pugnacity may not be evidence that he is without a trace. On the other hand, he has certainly missed several good chances to fight with Congress since March 4, 1929. During the long tariff struggle this failure to fight was explained as a matter of policy; but the explanation was not very convincing in face of the tariff-makers' utter disregard of his expressed recommendations. Now that struggle is over and the misshapen thing is in his lap—or ought to be by the time this is printed. If Hoover is willing to fight, I can think of no finer start than a veto of this tariff bill—a bill intensely unpopular in the country, economically unsound and scientifically a joke. It would be a very popular veto. There are overwhelming reasons for a veto. A veto would be amply justified and generally approved. But if we get a veto I shall be very much surprised—pleasantly so, but surprised.

Washington. T. R. B.

Imitation of a Welsh Poem

And that was when the chevaldour
Through near the whole of night
Sang, for the moon of mid-July
Made the hillside bright.

Morfydd to David ap Gwillam spoke
When the song she did not hear—
"Something is drawing through the fern,
A living thing comes near."

'Twas not the wolf, 'twas not the deer
That came with pause and bound,
A creature stood above the pair,
Ap Gwillam's Irish hound:

And knew them then, and knew them there
Where the pine-branches wave,
As close beside, as deep in earth,
As lone as in a grave!

PADRAIC COLUM.

Notes on the Havemeyer Paintings

THE INNOCENT reflections of an observer who is not a professional critic of painting ought to have some interest at least, since in the long run, and *en masse,* it is such reflections that determine the fortune of painters, no matter what bubbles and rages the critics and dealers contrive in the meantime.

I have seen Mrs. Havemeyer's pictures under her own roof on diverse occasions, a long time ago. Seeing the collection now, or rather the selections made from it and given to the public, I can see many things: what, for instance, the full light of the gallery can do to certain pictures, what the interval between observations has done to them, or, if you like, to me, how this artist or that now appears. The gift to the museum includes superb Chinese porcelains, screens, brocades, drawings and so on, but the paintings are what lead us all on immediately. A beautiful piece from the Yüan dynasty or the Ming is in itself a kind of established perfection, with little of news or fresh excitement; but Monet, Manet, Degas, El Greco, Rembrandt even, are lively news indeed. I want to sing about them, endure them, knock them out of their frames; turn to their lovers and advocates and rhapsodize, beseech, crack heads; turn to myself and set down notes. . . .

One of the interesting things about this collection is the way in which a shining name once represented occurs again, may even run to eight or ten examples. Courbet, Manet, Degas, Corot, Monet, lead in frequency, not to speak of four or more Cézannes, Goyas, Rembrandts, two good Veroneses and two perfect little portraits by Claude Corneille de Lyon. In this connection Degas is the outstanding figure; of them all, he stands out most impressively. That streaky method in some of his pictures repels me, but there is not a Degas canvas in the lot that does not keep up the drawing and security of this artist, and two or three are wholly fresh, pure, choice painting. Of Corot's figure paintings, so astonishingly numerous in this exhibition, the impression for me—despite the proclamations of recent years—is one of integrity but dullness, a curious, honest prose. The Courbets—portraits, flowers, landscapes and the large "After the Hunt"—seem to show what a sturdy force he must have been in his epoch. The "Louise Colet," with the translucent skin, the grave eyes, the dark bodice, the quiet statement of the composition, is a beautiful picture. But for the rest of the Courbets, it seemed to me that I could enjoy them best by reminding myself what the subject might have turned out in most paintings of like mind—the hunt piece, for instance, which I respect and admire for the character that went into it, the feeling for the painter's art, that kept it from being a mere chromo. And this is saying a great deal for Courbet: to escape the obvious is easy enough, an ineffable idiot can do that; but to escape out of the obvious into undeniable quality is a subtle and confuting thing. The lack of taste in most of these Courbets, however, floors me. And that brings us to the Rembrandts.

There are Rembrandts—the man in the great black hat, for example, in a nearby room at the Metropolitan—that are, it goes without saying, profound and moving, universally human in meaning and appeal. In the average Rembrandt there are frequently passages of rich painting. But the four or more Rembrandts out of Mrs. Havemeyer's lot—there were twelve, if I remember right—while fair enough as paintings, in their moody, semi-operatic profundity, do little beyond reminding me of those Rembrandt spaces in the Stockholm and Berlin galleries, one canvas only more tasteless and trite than another, or of that depressing lady in her studio properties that the Metropolitan acquired a few seasons back, or that two-starred "Artemisia" at the Prado, with her hair down, the pearl string ringing her round head like a garnish, her spread knees, her ghastly mediocrity and poor taste. After all, taste cannot be discarded from painting. I can only add that if it is true, as they say, that Rembrandt himself did not paint some of the bad Rembrandts, he painted worse.

The two Goya portraits and the celebrated balcony figures, the two men and two women, seemed to me less impressive than I had thought them, diminished more and more by Goya's lapses from distinguished line and treatment, and yet in parts as dazzling as always for the method, often the color, and always the abundant, reckless talent. The landscape of the "City on a Rock" seemed, with the strong light and the cleaning, perhaps, far less interesting and powerful than I had remembered it. But four Goyas such as these would add to any museum in the world.

The small Monet with its river pavillion and figures—"La Grenouillère"—is as pleasing as any Monet I know. The picture of the four poplars and their reflection in the water, half and half, provides me an excellent example of this constantly more tiresome painter, with his obvious method and his balderdash of impressionistic color and inspiration. The landscape of the misty water ought to be admired by his devotees. I think I can see as well as most its *nuances* of color, those pearly grays, whites, amethyst tints, et cetera; indeed, it loudly proclaims its subtlety in these matters; but I remain bored. There is a certain kind of eternal, middle-class triteness, independent of school and century in art, and most Monets seem to me perfect illustrations of it. Beside the "View of Toledo," how soft, tricky and *vieux jeu* his landscape is!

This tragic, unbelievable, distinguished picture of El Greco's is unique in the world. With Vermeer's landscape of Delft—which is at the other extreme in realism, as well as being one of the glories of Holland—the "View of Toledo" seems to me of all landscapes the most completely and subtly expressive of the painter behind it, as well as being a good deal better than that other beautiful "Toledo," the scene with the cartouche inserted, in the El Greco Museum.

The Havemeyer Lippo Lippi is a fine one. The two Veronese portraits, with their savor of hardness in the painting of the faces, show, nevertheless, his suave management of brush and detail, and his rich, incredibly splendid and masculine color. Of the two large Poussins, very handsome examples of this painter, decorative and in a small way sumptuous, I say to myself: How they would adorn the right apartment! and then, How thin they are, compared to their Italian sources; what a tiny and academic affair Poussin is after the full music of Giorgione, the young Titian, and Tintoretto!

The Bronzino portrait of the young man in the black suit, against the varied planes of the walls in that Florentine chamber, outshines any Bronzino in the Uffizi or anywhere else that I know of. Everybody is aware of this painter's thinness of tone, his flat color and casual feeling. And yet this picture is one of the finest in the collection, and starts me wondering. Beside it, on a screen or partition, is the small Hugo Van der Goes portrait of a man, in some respects the most beautiful and profound picture of them all. And yet the Bronzino holds its own, partly by virtue of his way of seeming to stake his own reputation for style on the style presented in his subject—what a figure this young man is in the gallery!—and partly by virtue of a certain racial quality, that stylish vitality, sensuous subtlety, that dignity and precision of nature, that this portrait manifests.

For one visitor, at least, the great catharsis, practical not tragic, came from the Manets. The whole lot of these Manets—the Mademoiselle in the costume of an *espada,* the man posing as *majo* with a red shawl, the *torero* saluting, all these highly ambitious—I found *vieux jeu* and fifth-rate. I can see how they must have dazzled the young painters of the day, imprisoned in their heavy browns and stuffy themes. I can see them leaping at Manet's romanticism. His brushwork—between Velasquez or Goya and Frans Hals—was doubtless enchanting; for this same reason we can still delight in passages here and there in these three paintings. But in each one the figure does not stand on its feet, the arms as drawing are dead, the legs too—nothing has any weight. And even the painting is often entirely lifeless, in the wide *fajas,* or waistbands, for example. That yellow pallor in the masks of these people—a studio version of the Spanish—is fascinating for a while; the whole palette draws a certain superficial attention to itself; and the picturesque intention of the subjects is more or less engaging. Of the "Dead Christ with Angels" the less said the better. The figure is not even dead, and what studio facility there is was long ago outmoded.

By the stairway, stuck out of the important lots, hangs a Flemish painting of the sixteenth century, strange black greens, delicate planes, little poetic themes and motives, one of the loveliest things in the collection. I choose from the exhibition this Flemish picture, the Hugo Van der Goes, the Degas with the two girls at the bar, the Bronzino and the dazzling "View of Toledo."

STARK YOUNG.

Love

Time was, when love was a pretty word, was spoken
  As a butterfly lights on clover,
Softly, softly—more soft and hushed than a heartbeat
  When swallows fly over.

But now, drumming the air like a cloud of eagles
  Love has darkened the sky;
Dare now whisper "love"—and a mountain falls asunder,
  And moons reel by,

And the sea is gathered back in the arms of valleys,
  And over the water is heard
Only the beating of love with the heart of thunder
  And the wings of a bird.

DOROTHY REID.

Sex Evening in May

IT IS a pearly hot night in May—July weather catching you unawares before spring is even well started. The little faithful band who have assembled at the Town Hall to hear all about sex in the modern world, from the greatest assemblage of experts ever gathered together, ladeez an' genmun, on one pullatform, are with some reluctance persuaded, at the last minute, to abandon the relative coolness of West Forty-third Street for the Town Hall's interior. Once inside, however, they cheer up at the sight of the sexperts in a stiff and formal row across the stage, a little top-heavy with the realization that They Know All and are about to spill it. There are Dr. Lorine Pruette, consulting psychologist, youthful and embarrassed, in purple crêpe de chine; John B. Watson, in a dinner jacket, with his sharp, fighting nose and the distinguished gray of his well brushed temples; V. F. Calverton, in dark business clothes, orotund and oratorical; S. D. Schmalhausen, in light gray suit, blue shirt, red tie, the lean satiric-Semitic type, with Savonarola head thrown back; Mrs. Sidonie Gruenberg, the gracious, expert, platform speaker, in the lady orator's uniform of black georgette; Harry Elmer Barnes, in business clothes, looking incredibly young and sophomoric for a man who has written a book every fortnight for so many years.

Mr. Calverton makes a few preliminary remarks, and Dr. Pruette rises to speak. She shows the scars of former inhibitions by talking with her mouth half-closed, but manages to be concrete and practical in a way which delights her audience. She tells several anecdotes with more than a faint flavor of Judge Ben B. Lindsey about them. There are, it seems, "old girls" and "new girls," the difference being not in age but in attitude toward sex. She knew a girl in the early thirties, wretched and forlorn, unable to make up her mind to marry, to whom Dr. Pruette said, "What you want is to be seduced." Assuming her own diagnosis to be correct, the speaker feels that this is significant because, "Girls are not seduced any more, they——" The audience fills in the blank and chuckles with appreciation of its own modernity. Dr. Pruette also cites an "old girl" with a mother-fixation, and then reads a letter from a fifteen-year-old "new girl" who has boys galore, handles them skillfully, but objects to the necking in which she says every boy wants to indulge. What should we do about this? she asks Dr. Pruette, who says regretfully that psychologists have no adequate data on which to base conclusions about this matter. The fifteen-year-old, and others like her, try to protect their poor, ignorant parents from knowing what the world is like today. This, says Dr. Pruette—and Mr. Calverton agrees with her—is important. The audience makes a note.

Dr. Watson, who comes next, is brisk, brief and mathematical. Marriage ought to be (1) harder to get into (2) easier to get out of. People should not marry until they have proved by living together for several years that they are sexually mated. Comprehensive sex education is necessary at a very early age in childhood. Children should never be reared in homes, but in orphan asylums of a new and highly superior type. Churches and prisons

Notes on the Havemeyer Paintings

THE INNOCENT reflections of an observer who is not a professional critic of painting ought to have some interest at least, since in the long run, and *en masse*, it is such reflections that determine the fortune of painters, no matter what bubbles and rages the critics and dealers contrive in the meantime.

I have seen Mrs. Havemeyer's pictures under her own roof on diverse occasions, a long time ago. Seeing the collection now, or rather the selections made from it and given to the public, I can see many things: what, for instance, the full light of the gallery can do to certain pictures, what the interval between observations has done to them, or, if you like, to me, how this artist or that now appears. The gift to the museum includes superb Chinese porcelains, screens, brocades, drawings and so on, but the paintings are what lead us all on immediately. A beautiful piece from the Yüan dynasty or the Ming is in itself a kind of established perfection, with little of news or fresh excitement; but Monet, Manet, Degas, El Greco, Rembrandt even, are lively news indeed. I want to sing about them, endure them, knock them out of their frames; turn to their lovers and advocates and rhapsodize, beseech, crack heads; turn to myself and set down notes. . . .

One of the interesting things about this collection is the way in which a shining name once represented occurs again, may even run to eight or ten examples. Courbet, Manet, Degas, Corot, Monet, lead in frequency, not to speak of four or more Cézannes, Goyas, Rembrandts, two good Veroneses and two perfect little portraits by Claude Corneille de Lyon. In this connection Degas is the outstanding figure; of them all, he stands out most impressively. That streaky method in some of his pictures repels me, but there is not a Degas canvas in the lot that does not keep up the drawing and security of this artist, and two or three are wholly fresh, pure, choice painting. Of Corot's figure paintings, so astonishingly numerous in this exhibition, the impression for me—despite the proclamations of recent years—is one of integrity but dullness, a curious, honest prose. The Courbets—portraits, flowers, landscapes and the large "After the Hunt"—seem to show what a sturdy force he must have been in his epoch. The "Louise Colet," with the translucent skin, the grave eyes, the dark bodice, the quiet statement of the composition, is a beautiful picture. But for the rest of the Courbets, it seemed to me that I could enjoy them best by reminding myself what the subject might have turned out in most paintings of like mind—the hunt piece, for instance, which I respect and admire for the character that went into it, the feeling for the painter's art, that kept it from being a mere chromo. And this is saying a great deal for Courbet: to escape the obvious is easy enough, an ineffable idiot can do that; but to escape out of the obvious into undeniable quality is a subtle and confuting thing. The lack of taste in most of these Courbets, however, floors me. And that brings us to the Rembrandts.

There are Rembrandts—the man in the great black hat, for example, in a nearby room at the Metropolitan—that are, it goes without saying, profound and moving, universally human in meaning and appeal. In the average Rembrandt there are frequently passages of rich painting. But the four or more Rembrandts out of Mrs. Havemeyer's lot—there were twelve, if I remember right—while fair enough as paintings, in their moody, semi-operatic profundity, do little beyond reminding me of those Rembrandt spaces in the Stockholm and Berlin galleries, one canvas only more tasteless and trite than another, or of that depressing lady in her studio properties that the Metropolitan acquired a few seasons back, or that two-starred "Artemisia" at the Prado, with her hair down, the pearl string ringing her round head like a garnish, her spread knees, her ghastly mediocrity and poor taste. After all, taste cannot be discarded from painting. I can only add that if it is true, as they say, that Rembrandt himself did not paint some of the bad Rembrandts, he painted worse.

The two Goya portraits and the celebrated balcony figures, the two men and two women, seemed to me less impressive than I had thought them, diminished more and more by Goya's lapses from distinguished line and treatment, and yet in parts as dazzling as always for the method, often the color, and always the abundant, reckless talent. The landscape of the "City on a Rock" seemed, with the strong light and the cleaning, perhaps, far less interesting and powerful than I had remembered it. But four Goyas such as these would add to any museum in the world.

The small Monet with its river pavillion and figures—"La Grenouillère"—is as pleasing as any Monet I know. The picture of the four poplars and their reflection in the water, half and half, provides me an excellent example of this constantly more tiresome painter, with his obvious method and his balderdash of impressionistic color and inspiration. The landscape of the misty water ought to be admired by his devotees. I think I can see as well as most its *nuances* of color, those pearly grays, whites, amethyst tints, et cetera; indeed, it loudly proclaims its subtlety in these matters; but I remain bored. There is a certain kind of eternal, middle-class triteness, independent of school and century in art, and most Monets seem to me perfect illustrations of it. Beside the "View of Toledo," how soft, tricky and *vieux jeu* his landscape is!

This tragic, unbelievable, distinguished picture of El Greco's is unique in the world. With Vermeer's landscape of Delft—which is at the other extreme in realism, as well as being one of the glories of Holland—the "View of Toledo" seems to me of all landscapes the most completely and subtly expressive of the painter behind it, as well as being a good deal better than that other beautiful "Toledo," the scene with the cartouche inserted, in the El Greco Museum.

The Havemeyer Lippo Lippi is a fine one. The two Veronese portraits, with their savor of hardness in the painting of the faces, show, nevertheless, his suave management of brush and detail, and his rich, incredibly splendid and masculine color. Of the two large Poussins, very handsome examples of this painter, decorative and in a small way sumptuous, I say to myself: How they would adorn the right apartment! and then, How thin they are, compared to their Italian sources; what a tiny and academic affair Poussin is after the full music of Giorgione, the young Titian, and Tintoretto!

The Bronzino portrait of the young man in the black suit, against the varied planes of the walls in that Florentine chamber, outshines any Bronzino in the Uffizi or anywhere else that I know of. Everybody is aware of this painter's thinness of tone, his flat color and casual feeling. And yet this picture is one of the finest in the collection, and starts me wondering. Beside it, on a screen or partition, is the small Hugo Van der Goes portrait of a man, in some respects the most beautiful and profound picture of them all. And yet the Bronzino holds its own, partly by virtue of his way of seeming to stake his own reputation for style on the style presented in his subject—what a figure this young man is in the gallery!—and partly by virtue of a certain racial quality, that stylish vitality, sensuous subtlety, that dignity and precision of nature, that this portrait manifests.

For one visitor, at least, the great catharsis, practical not tragic, came from the Manets. The whole lot of these Manets—the Mademoiselle in the costume of an *espada,* the man posing as *majo* with a red shawl, the *torero* saluting, all these highly ambitious—I found *vieux jeu* and fifth-rate. I can see how they must have dazzled the young painters of the day, imprisoned in their heavy browns and stuffy themes. I can see them leaping at Manet's romanticism. His brushwork—between Velasquez or Goya and Frans Hals—was doubtless enchanting; for this same reason we can still delight in passages here and there in these three paintings. But in each one the figure does not stand on its feet, the arms as drawing are dead, the legs too—nothing has any weight. And even the painting is often entirely lifeless, in the wide *fajas,* or waistbands, for example. That yellow pallor in the masks of these people—a studio version of the Spanish—is fascinating for a while; the whole palette draws a certain superficial attention to itself; and the picturesque intention of the subjects is more or less engaging. Of the "Dead Christ with Angels" the less said the better. The figure is not even dead, and what studio facility there is was long ago outmoded.

By the stairway, stuck out of the important lots, hangs a Flemish painting of the sixteenth century, strange black greens, delicate planes, little poetic themes and motives, one of the loveliest things in the collection. I choose from the exhibition this Flemish picture, the Hugo Van der Goes, the Degas with the two girls at the bar, the Bronzino and the dazzling "View of Toledo."

STARK YOUNG.

Love

Time was, when love was a pretty word, was spoken
  As a butterfly lights on clover,
Softly, softly—more soft and hushed than a heartbeat
  When swallows fly over.

But now, drumming the air like a cloud of eagles
  Love has darkened the sky;
Dare now whisper "love"—and a mountain falls asunder,
  And moons reel by,

And the sea is gathered back in the arms of valleys,
  And over the water is heard
Only the beating of love with the heart of thunder
  And the wings of a bird.

DOROTHY REID.

Sex Evening in May

IT IS a pearly hot night in May—July weather catching you unawares before spring is even well started. The little faithful band who have assembled at the Town Hall to hear all about sex in the modern world, from the greatest assemblage of experts ever gathered together, ladeez an' genmun, on one pullatform, are with some reluctance persuaded, at the last minute, to abandon the relative coolness of West Forty-third Street for the Town Hall's interior. Once inside, however, they cheer up at the sight of the sexperts in a stiff and formal row across the stage, a little top-heavy with the realization that They Know All and are about to spill it. There are Dr. Lorine Pruette, consulting psychologist, youthful and embarrassed, in purple crêpe de chine; John B. Watson, in a dinner jacket, with his sharp, fighting nose and the distinguished gray of his well brushed temples; V. F. Calverton, in dark business clothes, orotund and oratorical; S. D. Schmalhausen, in light gray suit, blue shirt, red tie, the lean satiric-Semitic type, with Savonarola head thrown back; Mrs. Sidonie Gruenberg, the gracious, expert, platform speaker, in the lady orator's uniform of black georgette; Harry Elmer Barnes, in business clothes, looking incredibly young and sophomoric for a man who has written a book every fortnight for so many years.

Mr. Calverton makes a few preliminary remarks, and Dr. Pruette rises to speak. She shows the scars of former inhibitions by talking with her mouth half-closed, but manages to be concrete and practical in a way which delights her audience. She tells several anecdotes with more than a faint flavor of Judge Ben B. Lindsey about them. There are, it seems, "old girls" and "new girls," the difference being not in age but in attitude toward sex. She knew a girl in the early thirties, wretched and forlorn, unable to make up her mind to marry, to whom Dr. Pruette said, "What you want is to be seduced." Assuming her own diagnosis to be correct, the speaker feels that this is significant because, "Girls are not seduced any more, they——" The audience fills in the blank and chuckles with appreciation of its own modernity. Dr. Pruette also cites an "old girl" with a mother-fixation, and then reads a letter from a fifteen-year-old "new girl" who has boys galore, handles them skillfully, but objects to the necking in which she says every boy wants to indulge. What should we do about this? she asks Dr. Pruette, who says regretfully that psychologists have no adequate data on which to base conclusions about this matter. The fifteen-year-old, and others like her, try to protect their poor, ignorant parents from knowing what the world is like today. This, says Dr. Pruette—and Mr. Calverton agrees with her—is important. The audience makes a note.

Dr. Watson, who comes next, is brisk, brief and mathematical. Marriage ought to be (1) harder to get into (2) easier to get out of. People should not marry until they have proved by living together for several years that they are sexually mated. Comprehensive sex education is necessary at a very early age in childhood. Children should never be reared in homes, but in orphan asylums of a new and highly superior type. Churches and prisons

should be abolished, schools made over completely. (The suggestion for the abolition of churches brings the only hearty, spontaneous applause of the evening.)

Dr. Schmalhausen is cynical and epigrammatic; his defense mechanism consists in making fun of himself earlier and harder than anybody else can. The home is a failure; parents are a failure—they are parasites on their children, seeking through them the fulfillment they don't get in their own lives. There is no respect for the individual, and cannot be until the economic system is made over, in the direction of communism, to liberate the ego.

Harry Elmer Barnes rolls off his remarks at high speed with never a pause or hitch, until you'd give a nickel if he would stammer. There's more difference in outlook between 1890 and 1930 than between 1890 and the fourth century, A. D. Parents no longer use the home for anything but a place to sleep, and so they have taken the children out and put them into schools whose ideal is that of the prisons—to let nobody escape at whatever cost. Education is a hodge-podge of things which were perhaps useful in an earlier society, but no longer are. It needs to be built again from the bottom to fit people to live the lives of today and tomorrow. Colleges should be exclusively for those capable of doing intellectual work; the rest should be relegated to something like Dean McConn's super-kindergartens.

Mrs. Gruenberg is mildly astonished to find herself for once the most conservative person present, being so accustomed to be regarded as a dangerous radical. Bravely she comes out, despite the chilly silence of most of her audience, for the home and for parents. She thinks both are worth saving. This is a difficult transition age, and parents are entitled to sympathy and help. They want freedom just as the younger generation does. Parents might even be said to be people.

Mr. Calverton, who has been acting as chairman, now makes his sixth and most extensive speech. In primitive society the individual personality was not recognized. It fared not much better in the familial epoch. (Every time he says "familial" there is a rustle throughout the hall as people practise the word under their breaths.) Today the family is gone, the child must find itself without help, with no system of values to guide it. There is a conflict between intellectual and emotional life. This has brought about the recrudescence of religion, which he deplores, and such movements as Humanism. We all deplore these things with him.

Suddenly the evening is at an end. The audience, which has been getting hotter and a little fatigued, pauses not to ask questions, but dives for its hat and the little, little winds which blow along Forty-third Street. If it can be judged by its looks (a shockingly unscientific thing to do), two-thirds of this audience are young unmarried people of the sort who go to Sunday-night forums for an intellectual roller-coaster ride. There are also some social workers, psychologists and others with a professional interest in the subject. And among all these persons assembled to hear the world-shattering array of experts discuss the world-shattering question of the new generation, there are about six parents. You can tell them by their guilty look.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Constructive Relief in China

SIR: In connection with the argument which has arisen as to the way in which funds contributed for famine-relief work in China should be used—whether exclusively for the immediate saving of lives or, wherever practicable, for relief-and-prevention undertakings which will look to future as well as to immediate life saving—I should suggest that the people who have given or will give the money are the ones who should have the final say.

In order to end the confusion which has arisen over this point, therefore, it would be well for these donors to write to the organization through which their gifts have gone or will go, saying either "I want my money used to save as many lives as possible now," or, "I want my money used in whatever way seems most constructively effective to those in touch with the actual famine situation to save lives now and in the future."

I can assure you that a clear-cut expression of their wishes on this point by the contributors to famine-relief work in China would be heartily welcomed by those responsible for the actual administration of the money—whichever way the donors said they wanted their money used.

New York City. GROVER CLARK.

Get the Big Navy Men Together

SIR: The recent naval conference led me to investigate the attitude of the nationalist press on the question. Wishing to secure representative opinions, I selected The Chicago Tribune and The English National Review. The excerpts given below are from the editorial columns of these journals, the English view in the left-hand column and the American in the right:

We regret these efforts of the English-speaking nations to arrange each other's navies. . . . They [United States] are clearly the best judges of their needs, and we have consistently regretted any and every effort to tell them what ships they should or should not build. . . . "Build what ships you please, leaving us to do likewise" should be our attitude on this question unless both parties wish to borrow trouble.	We would not deprive the British people of adequate means of defense and of fair advancement of their welfare. . . . On the other hand, we propose, so far as we are able, to influence our countrymen to maintain their rights and to develop their interests in full confidence that they deserve to be strong and will use their strength to the ends of justice and civilization.
Our navy feeds us. The Americans feed their navy. . . . One is sheer necessity; the other, mere luxury.	The American standard, the greatest contribution to human progress, is maintainable only so long as the defenses of the United States will permit the American people to order their own way without interference.
The British Empire would collapse without the British navy, and be resolved into its component parts, while the more populous part of it would starve. The United States would remain intact if the American navy disappeared.	We do not yet realize that war against our commerce would be a national misfortune of the gravest character, a misfortune which would strike deeply at our prosperity and be felt by every American.
The United States is not the objective of the British navy, which exists to guard, preserve and nourish the British Empire.	We have no hostile sentiment toward the British people.
The Americans merely scrapped some monstrous battleships which not a few of their shrewdest experts regarded as	From the sacrifice of our building program at Washington in 1921 there has been a steadily decreasing prob-

a liability rather than an asset.

Those who knew America are amazed at our attitude, and a transatlantic correspondent expresses his astonishment in a frank letter received a few days ago: "America . . . thinks she has Ramsey MacDonald bluffed to a finish and can do what she likes with him."

Our representative is an avowed pacifist and little-navy man. . . . There is profound uneasiness in England as to what precious possession or vital securities may be jeopardized during the course of discussions under such auspices. . . . All that is known is that Mr. Hoover is a more expert poker player than Mr. MacDonald, and that the United States delegates mean to play hard for their own side while ours are announced as not doing so.

It became the business of our statesmen and spokesmen to apologize for our existence to all whom it might concern.

We have for years been saying that we have gained nothing but contempt for our overcivil attitude to America. . . . The best way for the English nation to get on with the American people is for us to take a more manly and self-respecting attitude about our own affairs, and not to continue to crawl at the mention of the Stars and Stripes.

ability of our attaining naval strength sufficient to take first place from England.

Mr. Childs asserts, and we believe asserts truthfully in the main, that "The American people today are utterly hoodwinked by the published discussions about arms reduction and naval parity with Great Britain."

If our representatives are unable to resist the lure of the international poker game, it is of some moment to the nation that its hand be played with skill and that Uncle Sam does not return from every such occasion with nothing but a borrowed barrel to hide his nakedness. . . . The United States has found itself at a deplorable disadvantage in international negotiations for many years.

What foreign policy we may be said to have in recent years has been largely influenced by altruistic theories and apologetic Americans.

There is but one correction for this dangerous tendency [apologetic attitude in foreign affairs], and that is a revival of the stalwart Americanism upon which our national greatness has been built.

A. S. WHITELEY.

Madison, Wis.

In Praise of Edwin Seaver

SIR: In requesting the privilege of the columns of The New Republic for this letter, I am acting as a constant reader of this magazine and an appreciator of its literary pages. . . . That it has fallen down in the case of the first novel of a man to whom The New Republic gave earliest recognition, a man who bids fair to be an important influence in the field of American letters, can only lead one to believe that this most excellent book was placed in the hands of a reviewer whose literary capacity is open to severe question, or that the "perceptive faculty" is no longer requisite in a New Republic! . . .

I refer to the short review of "The Company," by Edwin Seaver, published in the issue of April 23. Seaver's style, of the most perfect simplicity—a simplicity which only a first-rank artisan could achieve—may have eluded your "alleged" critic; but there is no excuse for the book's extraordinary blending of perfect satire with sensitive human understanding, its just estimation of the complete futility of a mechanist age, slipping past the beclouded or myopic vision of a dilettante. A rarely fine creation essentially pure in rhythm, high in ethical content, lyric in style, "The Company" hails the advent in literature of a new Hellenism worthy of the splendid simplicity of its ancient Greek models.

New York City. ROLAND WEBER.

The Indian Salt Tax

SIR: As you observe in one of your leading paragraphs [The New Republic, April 16, 1930], the Indian salt tax was doubled after the War. But the enhancement—an unfortunate thing in every way, leaving behind it a psychological grievance after the actual grievance was gone—was temporary. The tax is now at its old level of 44 cents a *maund* (82 1/3 pounds).

EDWARD THOMPSON.

Vassar College.

Starve the Aggressor

SIR: I have read with interest your editorial on the London conference in The New Republic of April 30. I think you are absolutely right when you say that the chief obstacle to naval reduction is the desire for some sort of security on the part of the French. And when we get down to what they call "brass tacks," I don't know that the French people are so very unreasonable in their view.

I think that something might properly be worked out along the line of Senator Capper's proposed resolution in the Senate looking to an arms embargo against an aggressor nation. If the five nations represented at London could have agreed by treaty to prohibit the exportation of munitions of war (and perhaps to prohibit also the exportation of food supplies) to an aggressor nation, it seems to me that the cause of peace would have been vastly promoted on our local planet.

Each treaty nation might be permitted to determine for itself which, if either, of two contending nations is an aggressor. If both have been guilty of acts of aggression, cut off supplies from both.

This might follow a decision of the League of Nations or the World Court, such decision, however, not to be compulsory, at least not in the case of the United States. As for the United States, let the question be decided by act of Congress.

Such an arrangement would limit our future liberty of conduct very slightly, only to the extent of our being bound not to assist an aggressor nation, and I believe would be approved by our people.

COLFAX CONWELL.

Pueblo, Colo.

We Hope Not an Obituary

SIR: I am preparing an article on the poetry magazines now published in the United States and would welcome information from your readers who might possibly have certain data not available from official sources.

Rutland, Vt. VREST ORTON.

We Like Byrd, But Not This Ballyhoo

SIR: May we have a letter from you expressing your appreciation of the stupendous achievement of Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd and his antarctic expedition, who were first to fly to the South Pole? We plan to bind this and other expressions from representative people, and editorials and cartoons from the press, to present to Admiral Byrd as a tangible evidence of the world's appreciation for what he and his expedition have done to distinguish this age from other ages in history. . . .

May I enlist you further in the cause of things worth doing, for the glory of things well done, by inviting you, if the occasion presents itself, to ask for expressions from representative men and women who admire Admiral Byrd, or suggest their names, so we may write to them? You are at liberty to publish this, and your answer, to aid in directing attention to these stupendous deeds.

HENRY WOODHOUSE,
President, Aerial League of America.

New York City.

A Man's Mind

Assorted Articles, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 258 pages. $2.50.

AN ABSURD title really for these little flashes out of a man's mind, brilliant, clear little flashes of the mind of a man at work.

But why say just mind? D. H. Lawrence never wrote just with his mind. The whole sensitive male body of the man must have tingled as he wrote. You feel man flesh in his words, nerves alive, the man smelling, tasting, seeing. He must have written often with a rush.

He had a small, not-too-strong man's body.

What life there was in it! It was male life fighting for an old thing maleness once meant.

It was sweet life, too. Women should hate to see this man die. D. H. Lawrence was one of the few clean males of literature. He was a lover. He was male.

Someone told me, one day recently, that he was dead.

"What?"

"Yes, he died."

"Why, I did not think he was ready to die yet."

But you can never tell when Death will slip up suddenly on a man. He had been diseased, they say, a long time—a persistent physical disease eating away at him.

Himself burning, burning, a bright light in a murky time.

I think of other English writers of his day, of our day. Where are they? What one of them ever gave as this man did?

They are such a respectable lot . . . National Liberal Club . . . something of that sort, wanting to be English gentlemen.

What has being an artist to do with being a gentleman? Lawrence knew so much, felt so much. He must have been hurt and hurt and hurt. What did he care about being an English gentleman? Sir D. H. Lawrence. Impossible, thank God.

Now he's dead. People should begin to read him now. No one need be jealous of the man, no need now to call him dirty, ban him because he loved life so vitally that he was always wanting to touch it, bite it, put his hands on it.

O, thou dry-necks, here was a living man for you. Be ashamed before the life in him.

People should read Lawrence now. Young men should read him. Begin with "Assorted Essays" if you haven't begun. Read down through him.

They'll tell you "Sons and Lovers" was his best book. Don't believe it. He wrote that long ago and the man became more and more vital until he died.

You young men . . . you want to know about the machine age . . . what it is doing to men . . . the way out. Here is a man who found a way out. He lived.

He returned to flesh . . . to living men and women, taking them close, loving, feeling with them. He got money in the right place, too. What fine contempt in him.

O, thou dry-necks, here was a man. Here was a man not afraid to remain loose, fluid, alive—to the last. It couldn't have been more than two or three years before he died that he wrote "Lady Chatterley's Lover." What a clean fine book, making everything about you clean and nice as you read.

Making people clean and nice again, as Whitman at his best did, making them again feel to you as fields and trees feel.

You'll get the same feeling from "Assorted Essays" . . . unless you also are, alas, dry-neck, in which case all of Lawrence will be just stench to you. . . .

As Whitman has become to the dry-necks.

As are cattle in fields, women hungering for physical love and children, men puzzled and defeated, dogs, little chicks coming out of egg shells . . . all the strange forgotten loveliness of life going on . . . in spite of dry-necks . . . all the eternal wonder of Now.

I cannot write very steadily of D. H. Lawrence dead. I never knew the man personally, but his death, the news of it coming to me, was like a light going out at night in a cold strange house. It left me standing against a wall in the house, feeling along the wall for the door, wanting to get out into the night and under the stars.

A country doctor told me of Lawrence's death. He is a man who has a country practice in the hills of Tennessee, and being a lonely man he reads a lot of books.

I had gone to see this man, this country doctor, and was spending a week with him.

We drove about the country and into the hills.

On the day when he told me of Lawrence's death we had got out of his car to take a walk in a wood.

The sun was shining. There was a cold spring wind blowing.

The leaves were just starting to unfold on some of the trees. There were little red swelling bunches. As you stood looking at them the little red bunches of swelling, straining leaves, wanting to unfold, were like flesh.

They were like sweet flesh, such as the flesh of people might be, sweet flesh conscious of its own sweetness.

The doctor took a city newspaper and had read it that morning while I idled in bed. In the wood, as we walked along a path, he stopped suddenly by a tree.

He made a quick motion about the trunk of the tree with his hand. The doctor has nice hands. They are all alive. He had grabbed at something.

Life, eh.

He had caught a little gray tree lizard and held it in his hand open before me. There in the palm of his hand the little gray creature sat . . . intensely alive. Its little throat throbbed and all its tiny body was a-quiver.

How nice the gray-greenish throbbing body of the lizard against the man's flesh of the doctor's hand, a hand that had released many mountain babies into the world, that had for years been touching people, healing people.

The doctor held the tiny thing in his hand so and then, stooping down, released it in the path.

It ran quickly away, gray-green blending against the gray-green dead leaves under the trees.

"D. H. Lawrence is dead," the doctor said.

"What?

"I did not think he was ready to die yet."

"You can't tell about Death," the doctor said. . . . "Death has its own way with men, too."

As life does.

I was asked to write of this little book of essays, "Assorted Essays," by D. H. Lawrence, published after his death, but I can't write of the man so. I can't center on one book. The book is called "Assorted Essays," and it is a stupid title. The essays are quickly read. They are like little jewels, held in the hand as the doctor held the lizard, light playing on them. They are like a covey of quail at the edge of a field, little-feathered, trembling bundles of

life, lying close there in dry grass, ready to take wing and be off..

They came out of the workshop of a man . . . not a gentleman . . . an artist really . . . one of the few prose artists of our times.

There are always little nice things happening in relation to one for whom you have love.

I have felt love for D. H. Lawrence since the first sentence of his I ever read.

And so I was asked to write a review of this book of his, published after his death.

Review indeed! Who am I to write reviews?

A man I know, a critic, had already written me a letter about the dead Lawrence. It was a kind of questionnaire.

"Do you think so and so?"

A row of little questions.

"I want to get him placed in relation to the whole body of English writing."

"You do, eh?"

"Three strikes. You're out."

I had thrown that critic's letter in the fire, where it deserved to be.

The book "Assorted Essays" came to me in the mail as I was going trout fishing with a man who is woods boss in a lumber camp. He is a man with big mustaches and big hands that can handle a trout rod with infinite delicacy.

I had got the book out of the post office.

"You read a lot, eh?" the woods boss said, seeing me put it in the door pocket of the car.

Alas, not much.

That country doctor, we both knew, would be reading ten times more books in a year.

But I read this book.

I had clambered down over rocks to a pool. I cast three times and got a trout.

The book was in my pocket and so I thought, "I'll read it here."

It was a good place. There cannot possibly be many more books left by Lawrence.

Such books are good to read by trout streams in the hills, in pine forests, in the presence of a woman loved. . . .

In the presence of cornfields, perhaps.

The little book of essays stood up to it, was beautiful under that hard test.

O, thou dry-necks!

I had read some of the living little essays down there on a rock at the pool's edge and the rest in a road above, where I am now. I can hear the roar of water tumbling over rocks as I write.

I am out of paper. I did not carry much in my pocket.

In clambering up the rocks to the road I have hurt my hand. It bleeds. There is a persistent little bleeding.

It has besmeared with my own blood some of the pages on which I write these words of Lawrence dead, to bleed no more.

Little red blotches of my blood covering the sheets on which I try to write of D. H. Lawrence, dead.

Spoiling the sheets.

Blood spoiling clean white sheets of paper.

Not quite. Blood is nice on white sheets on which a man speaks, even falteringly, of a man's man like D. H. Lawrence.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

A Chinese Miscellany

The Chinese Revolution, a Phase in the Regeneration of a World Power, by Arthur N. Holcombe. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 402 pages. $4.

A Son of China, by Sheng-Cheng, with an introduction by Paul Valéry. Translated from the French by Marvin McCord Lowes. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 286 pages. $3.

Portrait of a Chinese Lady, by Lady Hosie. New York: William Morrow and Company. 404 pages. $5.

East Wind, West Wind, by Pearl S. Buck. New York: John Day Company. $2.50.

Jacqueline and the Japanese, by Heinrich Eduard Jacob. Translated by S. H. Cross. Boston: Little Brown and Company. $2.50.

Winds of Gobi, by Robert Hyde. New York: Brewer and Warren. $1.75.

The Li Sao, Elegy on Encountering Sorrows. Translated by Lim Boon Keng, with prefaces by Sir Hugh Clifford, Professor H. A. Giles, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore and Dr. Chen Huan-Chang. Shanghai: The Commercial Press, Ltd. 193 pages. $3.

The China Year Book, 1929-30, edited by H. W. G. Woodhead, C. B. E. Published in China by the Tientsin Press, Ltd. Distributed in America by The University of Chicago Press. 1260 pages. $12.50.

AMONG recent books on China, two stand out: Holcombe's "The Chinese Revolution" and Sheng-Cheng's "A Son of China." The first is the most thorough and the clearest record of recent political history in China; the latter, being a native autobiography, is completely free from the accents of glamor or prejudice which even the most reasonable Western observers cannot avoid bringing into their accounts; their very caution having the effect of significant underemphasis.

Dr. Holcombe undertook his investigation for the Bureau of International Research of Harvard University and Radcliffe College. His purpose was to estimate the influence of the Chinese Revolution upon international relationships —the euphemism for international rivalries—in the Far East. If the Chinese succeed in establishing a stable government, peace will be possible; if not, foreign intervention cannot bring peace, for it is not likely to proceed without a war among the powers. The decisive question, therefore, is whether the Chinese have the political capacity for self-government.

On that, opinions are squarely opposed. Honest foreigners, with equal experience in Chinese affairs, do not agree; and among Chinese leaders themselves there are many, cynical or despairing, who have no faith in their people as responsible "citizens," but believe they have still to pass through a long tutelage as "subjects" of a despotism.

The history of China, however, is not discouraging to the assumption of political capacity in its people. They have built powerful and peaceful empires which have survived stresses and shocks that have overthrown other empires whose political capacity has never been doubted. On the other hand, there have been occasions in the history of powerful modern states when, to contemporary observers, innate political capacity must have seemed lacking. Moreover, China should be compared rather to Europe as a whole, in extent and racial and cultural differences, than to any single European state, and Europe has yet to achieve unity; add its industrial backwardness, social changes and want of railroads and highways, and it

will be seen that other factors than that of political incapacity may explain the present disorganization of China.

Now in spite of the discouraging civil wars, the Chinese Revolution has not failed to demonstrate and to develop political capacity. Two attempts at government have been failures: the parliamentary government at Peking and the Soviet at Canton. Both were after European models for which there was no corresponding reality in China. The present Kuomintang dictatorship, by replacing the old Mandarinate educated in the Chinese classics by a new Mandarinate educated in the Western sciences, modernizes a fundamental Chinese institution. By the sanctification of Sun Yat Sen, it replaces the unifying symbol of The Son of Heaven with a symbol tending not only to unity, but to an elevation of political morality. Even the most reactionary generals are forced to pretend to act upon Sun Yat Sen's principles, and the pretense cannot be made without some actual progress in methods and institutions. The establishment of this moral authority is perhaps, thus far, the greatest achievement of the Revolution.

Sun Yat Sen predicted that the Revolution must pass through three stages: the first military, which is still continuing; the second tutelary, during which a party dictatorship will prepare the people for the third stage of actual self-government. The second stage has begun in the establishment of local self-governing units and in the remarkable propaganda of the Kuomintang dictatorship.

All this Dr. Holcombe gives us, clarified by an orderly systematization. He analyzes minutely the successions of governments and the governmental forms which they have introduced or altered. And although he confines himself to the political and legal aspects of the Chinese Revolution, he does not present them as a kind of statecraft mathematics, but gives the reader a full sense of the human struggles and entities from which each political form derives.

In Sheng-Cheng's book there is no air of revelation, no whispering of rare secrets. It proceeds with a blessed and unselfconscious certainty. It is one of the few books about the Orient which neither promises to distil the Eastern soul nor apologizes in the preface for the ignorance that the author forgets in his text. A Western reader, curious about Chinese life, will be wise to read Cheng's book, and to reread it when he wishes for still another book.

Paul Valéry in his wise and beautifully written preface thinks that the peculiar charm of the book comes of Cheng's making his mother the principal character. I am afraid that M. Valéry is too subtle. The fascination of the book comes from Mr. Cheng's captivating personality both as writer and human being, and from the vitality and enterprise that led him into one of the most active lives recorded in our time. He gives his charming mother a large place in his book, but he himself is its chief character.

All his family portraits are vivid: the futility of reformers comes to its sad consummation in the death of Cheng's gentle father; the tyranny of the Chinese family system is obesely incarnate in the selfish, vain, terrible paternal grandmother, who makes full use of the tradition which gives her her power, but with which she herself deals irreverently. The scenes of the Revolution, referred to obliquely, as if memory were too tormenting to face in the full, are nervously alive. The informal autobiography that collects, like a liquid strained out of observations, commentaries and recollections, is completely successful. A precocious boy, Cheng was a revolutionary leader in his teens and president of a railwaymen's union; still in his teens, he was broken down in his hopes and with a price on his head took refuge from the intolerable world of China's public life in a Buddhist monastery; then with reviving hope he left to study in France, in whose language he has written his remarkable book.

If Mr. Cheng's "Son of China" had not been written, Lady Hosie's "Portrait of a Chinese Lady" would have had more importance than it now can have. It is only indirectly a portrait of its Chinese lady, who, I am told, is the wife of one of the heads of the Nationalist government. She is a very engaging person. The volume is, however, most interesting as a commentary on what a well intentioned and sympathetic Western observer is likely to see in China. For although Lady Hosie was born in China and has not had to overcome physical repulsions in making contacts with Chinese life, she remains a foreigner. It is revealing that her enthusiasm is warmest when describing Western institutions. Indeed she becomes lyrical over a model jail in Shanghai. Now it is certainly important to reform prison procedure in China, along with other things; but dwelling upon it is one of the accents which betrays the foreigner.

Miss Pearl S. Buck, who also has lived long in China, and has written very good magazine articles about phases of its contemporary life, has fabricated an ordinary, quite mechanical novel, full of plot and sentiment, but empty of any lifelikeness in its characters or significance in its thesis—the clash between modern and traditional China. Her Westernized Chinese are ideal figures, as indeed some few of them may be; but a truer portrait of the average will be found in the pathetic, shallow nobody, living an Eighth Avenue life in Peiping, in Miss Agnes Smedley's story in a recent issue of The New Republic.

Mr. Jacob, author of "Jacqueline and the Japanese," has never been in the Orient. I gather that his interest in the Japanese was aroused by the stoicism displayed by those he met in Berlin in the days after the terrible Japanese earthquake of 1923, which destroyed great cities and killed hundreds of thousands. Mr. Jacob's story should be a tragedy, and portions of it do give off a feeble pathos —which derives rather from the suffering and hysteria of his own countrymen in the days of their post-war humiliation and insecurity than from the bereavement and silent grief of his Japanese hero. His Japanese is only a series of eloquent masks. The whole work symbolizes its own futility when the climax puffs out in the vapors of a parlor spiritualist séance. After reading it, one is puzzled that such a combination of wit, knowledge, sensitiveness and flexible style should have produced, with all its straining, nothing better than this book, which interests us too little and stirs us only faintly.

Mr. Hyde, the author of "Winds of Gobi," is another writer of fiction about China who has never been in the Orient. He has studied Chinese, however, and has come under the influence of Dr. Kiang Kang Hu, Witter Bynner's mentor. As in Mr. Jacob's case, he has been led into a romanticism that is neither credible nor wholehearted enough to succeed in passing on any enchantment. The short stories he concocts are more characteristic of Graustark than of Mid-Asia. He writes them in a grotesque style, presumed to be Oriental, which has, however, too frequently a Gaelic accent. The writing, here and there, is good enough to make one hope that some day Mr. Hyde himself will be able to laugh at its present caprices.

Dr. Lim Boon Keng, translator of "The Li Sao," is president of the University of Amoy. He was born in Singapore, and it is in East Indian intellectual circles that

he has won a reputation. No doubt he is intelligent and scholarly, but he has no literary gift whatever, and his translation of one of the classics of China makes of it unintelligible doggerel. "The Li Sao" is one of the longest poems in Chinese literature and outstanding for its emotional vigor and bold imagery. It is a patriotic poem, written in the third century B. C., addressed to a faltering ruler in terms that remind us of the erotic metaphors of religious mystics. Its author's suicide is commemorated in the annual Dragon boat festival. Messrs. Clifford, Giles and Tagore politely avoid in their friendly prefaces any references to the quality of the rendering. The book presents the Chinese text alongside its translation, and it is provided with historical and biographical notes and other scholarly apparatus which may make it useful to Chinese students of English or English students of Chinese.

The China Year Book is one of the best of its kind, a comprehensive reference book for business men and students. Aside from the usual statistics, it contains interesting and well put-together chapters on Chinese history, geography, geology, ethnography, philology and religion, and a useful current Who's Who.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Lark's Quill and Goosefeather

Fire for the Night, by Babette Deutsch. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 77 pages. $2.

SOME OF the best qualities of Miss Deutsch's first book of verse, "Banners," persist in this one, her third. They are excellent qualities of the second rank: boldness of expression, clear outline, courage in protest and attack. In a first book these count for much, but their further exploitation calls for closer scrutiny. Their survival here is not due solely to organic consistency in Miss Deutsch's work. She has apparently kept to her original line because the higher virtues which are expected to substantiate a poet's initial claims and deepen his art have not put in an appearance. Her present volume—like her second, "Honey Out of the Rock"—is mainly a matter of repetition and variations. Without the enthusiasm and vanity of youthful expression, her verse must submit to several criticisms which apply to the general run of poetic journalism.

Miss Deutsch's fundamental honesty has kept her from specializing in the cheap technical feats upon which many of her outwritten contemporaries spend their energy. Yet in two ways that energy has been absorbed. In most of the poems the motive is purely topical, caught up on any occasion that lends itself to metrical annotation; in all of them there is a reckless leniency in the use of sense impressions. One need not go very far into the history of modern verse to learn that such titles as "Moment at Croton Dam," "Weather Report," "Soirée," "From a Taxi," etc., far from revealing a restless creative necessity, are usually clues to a perfunctory kind of literary reporting. And the imagery is laid on with a trowel.

The poets who think to deceive by brilliant surfaces the hunter for more vital poetic qualities are sorely deluding themselves. One is tempted to recommend the complete outlawry of opulent detail, if only to open up the way to a new fashion and a clearer intention among poets. It must be obvious that imagery loses its poetic vitality as it approaches pure description, and that when it ceases to be an index to deeper poetic components its value vanishes. Neither imagistic credos nor the pretensions of a good share of latter-day metaphysical verse will help the poet to evade this fact. To support as rich an outlay of descriptive phrases as Miss Deutsch gives here requires a proportionate degree of spiritual substance, of ideas reduced to their final poetic essence. In the finest sections of "The Bridge," Mr. Crane has quatrains as weighted in symbols—and as firmly sustained—as those in "Le Bateau Ivre." Miss Bogan was able to proceed from an early exercise like her sonnet "Decoration" to the several magnificent poems in "Dark Summer." Mrs. Wylie, a far more indulgent talent, grew from slight diversions like "Fairy Goldsmith" to her sonnet sequence. Miss Deutsch may not be classed with these. She, too, has arrived at a sonnet sequence, "Time and Spirit," which only betrays her defects on a larger scale. In it her comment on the symbol of man's fall is smothered under a mass of exotic devices and rendered almost completely valueless.

On several pages Miss Deutsch has overcome her tendency to misuse her intelligence and to imitate the fashionable magazine styles. In "Thoughts at the Year's End," "The English Singers'" and "The Hunt," the clotted line and the derivative accent are largely absent; both language and feeling are clear enough to achieve a convincing lyric style. But these virtues are survivals of an earlier beauty whose failure to develop organically makes the convincing poem a rare exception here. When, in one of the poems, Miss Deutsch remarks that

> Shrill delight becomes the one who finds a
> Skylark's quill among goosefeather pens,

she inadvertently reminds us which stylus came too often to her hand.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Two Men of the Revolution

Benedict Arnold: The Proud Warrior, by Charles Coleman Sellers. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. 303 pages. $3.50.

Ethan Allen, by John Pell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 331 pages. $5.

AFTER the West Point treason, John Lamb was saying one night at officers' mess that he could not imagine how Arnold had fallen so low, as he had been a man of great vigor and courage. "Pshaw," barked a brigadier across the table. "Mere Dutch courage. He was drunk, sir." Lamb, enraged, flared back at him: "Sir, let me tell you that, drunk or sober, you will never be an Arnold, or fit to compare with him in any military capacity."

That row ended there, but the same dispute about Arnold's genius has been going on ever since. Washington admired him and thought he was merely weak and misled. Wayne hated him and called him a filthy drunkard long before the dark business of West Point. Fifteen decades have defiled his character. The once great glory of his military reputation has been almost extinguished by the persistent rain of popular hatred.

But Arnold was a fine soldier and he was spectacularly courageous, as Mr. Sellers' biography so effectively shows us. That picture of Arnold wounded at Quebec, lying in bed in a nunnery, the nuns flitting hysterically about him, with his sword across the blood-soaked sheets and a brace of pistols in his hands, swearing that the first Britisher to enter the room would die for it, is characteristic and unforgettable.

This latest biography of the "traitor" seems impartial and without rancor. The somewhat dragging quality of the writing, which seems to pull the story along rather than push it, prevents its being exciting, as a book about Arnold could so easily be. It gets off to a bad start and is guilty of some confusion. The battle scenes, with the exception of the attack on Quebec in that driving blizzard on New Year's Eve, lack virility and are hazily indefinite. But Arnold's character is skillfully analyzed, his quirks mercilessly exposed, even though he never seems quite real as flesh and blood.

Mr. Sellers' account of the treason is interesting and clear, but the emotional crisis which brought Arnold to his ruin demands a closer examination than this biographer has given it. He evidently holds the old attitude that Peggy Shippen, Arnold's beautiful wife, was innocent of any guilt. He does not mention the damning paragraph in Burr's "Memoirs," which leaves Peggy small ground to stand on, nor does he say anything about the recently discovered Clinton papers and their irrefutable evidence. Peggy was in treasonable communication with André and other British officers, and afterwards confessed laughingly to Mrs. Prevost that her paroxysms of grief at Arnold's exposure were all in keeping with her patriotic pose; she seemed pleased that she had so completely fooled Washington and Hamilton. She had always been pro-British and made no point of keeping it a secret when her husband was safe with the English troops.

In spite of the good qualities of Mr. Sellers' work, and the fact that it clears up a lot of nonsense concerning the end of the General's life, it is far from thorough, and cannot be accepted as anything like a definitive biography of that strange enigma who was Benedict Arnold.

Arnold and Ethan Allen, those two boisterous Connecticut giants who were the first to fan the flames of the Revolution, met once under dramatic circumstances and despised each other. Mr. John Pell's "Ethan Allen" seems a much finer book than Mr. Sellers'. His writing has fire and color and a racy fascination. He has an instinct for drama, and Allen's life was full of it. His narrative moves rapidly and maintains a fine tempo of exhilaration and excitement.

If there was ever an American Robin Hood, Ethan Allen was he. The loud, brawny, stormy leader of the Green Mountain Boys, he was at heart an outlaw. "God Damn your Governor, Laws, King, Council and Assembly!"—it was a characteristic cry. To begin the Revolution, he marched with a troop of farmer boys, attacked Ticonderoga, shouted an epigram, quarreled with Arnold, stormed Montreal, and landed in an English jail. When he was exchanged after three years of soul-harrowing experiences, back he went to Vermont and became "king of the mountains." He wanted to fight with everybody. He hated the New Yorkers, hated the British, hated Congress, hated the Continental army. He hung around the borders with an insignificant troop of rum-fed farm hands, whipped invaders, held off 10,000 British soldiers in Canada, and wrote books. He finally became determined that the state of Vermont should become an independent nation—and he was working towards this end when his heart failed him one morning after a drinking party.

His influence was for both good and ill. He encouraged a magnificent fighting spirit in the Colonies, but he also set an example of boastful lawlessness which was no help to the disordered states. He fascinated men and women alike and his friend Hazard wrote: "I never met with a genius like him." Yet he was a fool in a way, a big, boyish, magnificent fool. For all his hard work, the Revolution might have been better off without him; but, without him, it would have lacked something of wild and daring romance that seems closer to the old Highland chieftains than to anything American.

John Pell has written a superb life of New England's Incorrigible Boy. One wishes that he had gone more deeply into Allen's influence upon his times, or examined more closely the fantastic ego of the man; but upon a canvas necessarily limited in scope his picture is without flaws.

JOHN HYDE PRESTON.

Behind the Lines

The Good Soldier: Schweik, by Jaroslav Hasek. Translated from the Czech by Paul Selver. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

Orderly, by M. R. Werner. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 214 pages. $2.50.

SCHWEIK'S adventures are good. If you like wholehearted burlesque with the material picked up pell-mell in generous buckets, squirming, vigorous and with lots of sap, this is your book. The function of the allegedly feeble-minded orderly, Schweik, is to make fun of war in general and war as waged by the former Austro-Hungarian empire in particular; but he is not aware of this function. He is never out of trouble, yet his motives are never at fault. His fund of stories with which to point any moral, no matter how incredible, is inexhaustible. Of course he never gets to the front, but to have created him and given him such a pack of associates, to have made them vivid and real, is an achievement. Austria has always been a land which lent itself to comic-opera treatment, a land of lovers and Magyars, gypsy music and champagne. The author has made good use of this traditional gaiety but has not limited himself to the merely traditional figures. He has recognized a larger opportunity and has made good use of it. Two warnings must be given: first, spades are here spades, liquor is liquor and women, women; second, all religion is ridiculed, especially the Roman Catholic ritual. This is a long book and its greatest virtue is its fundamental humanity, its good nature. It casts a spell. You can bury yourself in it.

In quite another mood Mr. Werner has set down his experiences while serving for nearly two years as an orderly in a British war hospital at Etretat on the Normandy coast. Coolly and with detachment, he pictures the absurdities and horrors as well as the boring, work-a-day routine of hospital life behind the lines. He has a dry sense of humor. At Etretat they stuffed the bodies of the dead with copies of the Paris Herald. The last religious rites were carried out with decorum and punctilio, but Mr. Werner cannot help wondering what God thought of the society gossip when these men knocked at the Pearly Gates. On one or two other occasions he gets a sly, skeptical laugh out of religion. Mr. Werner has a quiet way of saying things, but he can sometimes produce revolting effects. He admits that, before enlisting in the army, he had never in his life been in a hospital, even for a visit, and this perhaps accounts for the peculiar emphasis he occasionally places on things which are the commonplaces of all hospitals. Sometimes he appears to attack the reader's sensibilities wilfully, but if his document is somewhat less effective on account of this, it does not lessen its validity.

C. A. CHAPMAN.

Ernani Redivivus

Gallows' Orchard, by Claire Spencer. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

HERE IS the first concrete bit of evidence that something is being done about the increasing dissatisfaction with naturalism in fiction; unquestionably, "Gallows' Orchard" is a good book, competently written, but whether leaping backwards into Victorian romanticism along with Mr. Walpole provides a better way out of the impasse in which contemporary imaginative writing is supposed to find itself than does the more fearful leap into heaven knows what in company with Messrs. Collins and Babbitt and More, seems doubtful. Leaving aside all other objections, the neo-romantics are quite as anxious as the neo-humanists to evade the rather important fact that the world has a habit of changing—either for better or for worse, as the case may be. Miss Spencer certainly is aware that a good many things have happened since the Romantic movement died a natural death, and it does her no good to set the locale of a story back fifty years; she is not a contemporary of Stevenson, nor is it the part of wisdom for her to want to be. Probably she is not in the least interested in the things that have recently happened, probably she did not care to set the world on fire with another "Ernani," but simply to write a glamorous book.

"Gallows' Orchard" is romanticism of the most shameless kind. The adventures and misadventures of Effie Gallows, *donna fatale* in a tiny Scotch village during the latter part of Queen Victoria's reign, and of all the men who loved her, do no discredit to Stevenson himself. "'She has a light in her,' said Minister; 'that's what she has. When you look at Effie you see something that nothing can touch and that, somehow, I can't believe could ever die.'" . . . . "'Perhaps that's why most people hate her,' I said; 'it's because she has something that they don't understand.'" It is a very simple matter to say that a lady has a light in her that causes five (or was it six?) men to fall head over heels in love, but to convince a reader that the light was sufficiently large and lovely to upset heads and hearts by the wholesale is not a simple matter at all. And Miss Spencer succeeds better than most authors; Effie is a pretty exciting and passionate creature, and it seems rather too bad that she had to be ultimately stoned to death, for no compelling reason.

Miss Spencer's style, which at times reaches for beauty and almost achieves it, never diverges from the classically romantic tradition. Her people do a great deal of running and screaming about, and they are as far from the "inner check" as people could be. Her deliberate choice of violent imagery and phrasing, her descriptions of thunderstorms and scenery which is appropriately macabre and dour, the introduction of a wicked old crone with, among other things, eyes "I can only describe as two pieces of dull gloss living in two shapeless pools of weak blood," the use throughout of narrative in the first person, are such well worn devices that it is remarkable they should have retained their freshness at all. Perhaps it is only the freshness of things that have lain a long while in the camphor chest, having been neither seen nor used; perhaps it is an underlying quality of mind which can transmute any implement, however rusty from disuse, into the semblance of gold. At any rate, "Gallows' Orchard" is indeed a glamorous book, and that is something both naturalists and humanists seem, for the most part, incapable of achieving.

HOWARD COXE.

Notes on Novels

Frost in April, by Malachi Whitaker. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

ENGLISH short-story writers are more ready than we to thumb their noses at the exigencies of plot. They are more interested in capturing the full flavor of an experience, however trivial it may seem. The fiction of Katherine Mansfield, H. E. Bates and L. A. G. Strong has an authenticity of emotion which one finds less frequently on this side of the water. Malachi Whitaker belongs to their company. She writes of English peasants and small-town folk who, for the most part, are slow-witted, frustrated and uncomplaining. Balked of their obscure desires, they turn dumbly away from the blow and patiently continue their lives. All of the stories in this book are slight in texture. Some, like "The Secret" and "The Nightshirt," seem a little ineffectual. Others, like "The Mother" and "Smoke of the Tide," distil within a few pages the essence of both a mood and a lifetime. Almost all of them have touches of deft humor which lighten their quiet-toned pattern. This is an admirable collection of tales. It should not be overlooked.

The Ship of Truth, by Lettice Ulpha Cooper. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. $2.50.

CONSIDERING that this book won the substantial prize offered by Hodder and Stoughton in their religious-novel competition, it is not so painstakingly pious as one might expect. Hardly a distinguished piece of work, it has, nevertheless, a certain warmth and candor. It is the story of a sensitive Yorkshire clergyman who, on losing his faith, resigns his living and undergoes a bitter financial and spiritual struggle, as well as estrangement from his wife, before he manages to rebuild the elements of his belief. Unfortunately, Miss Cooper is quite incapable of conveying the torture and bitter uncertainty through which her clergyman must have passed before he broke with the church. She tells her tale competently and pleasantly, but she never really comes to grips with the shattering experience which she describes.

E. H. W.

Contributors

HARRY W. LAIDLER is the executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy. He is the author of "A History of Socialist Thought" and other books.

KENNETH BURKE, critic and short-story writer, was formerly an editor of The Dial. He is the author of "White Oxen."

ARTHUR P. CHEW is a member of the United States Department of Agriculture.

DOROTHY REID is the author of "Coach into Pumpkin," a book of verse.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, author of "Winesburg, Ohio," "A Story Teller's Story" and other books, is now editing two weekly newspapers in Marion, Virginia.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, poet and novelist, is a student of Chinese civilization.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is professor of English Literature at Loyola University, and associate editor of Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.

C. A. CHAPMAN, formerly a reporter on The New York Times, is now with Minton, Balch and Company.

HOWARD COXE, a former New York journalist and foreign correspondent, is the author of "Passage to the Sky," a novel.

THEATRES

"MIGHTIEST WAR DRAMA EVER SEEN"
N. Y. American.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

A Universal Picture—Presented by Carl Laemmle

Directed by Lewis Milestone

"A notable achievement, sincere, earnest, vivid and graphic. Better than anything so far done."
Mordaunt Hall, N. Y. Times.

"Enormously compelling talking motion picture. As a show something to get definitely excited about! A very fine motion picture. —*Howard Barnes, Herald Tribune.*

CENTRAL Theatre, Broadway and 47th Street
Twice Daily, 2:45—8:45
3 times, Saturday and Sunday, 2:45—5:45—8:45

THEATRES

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

HOTEL UNIVERSE

A New Play by PHILIP BARRY

MARTIN BECK THEA. 45th St., West of Broadway. Evgs. 8:50; Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:50.

A MONTH in the COUNTRY

By IVAN TURGENEV

GUILD Theatre, 52nd Street, West of Broadway

Evenings 8:30 — Matinees Thurs. and Sat., 2:30

SUMMER PLACES

CAMP TAMIMENT

An Ideal Camp for Adults at
FOREST PARK, PENNA.

Located in the heart of the Blue Mountains —a Paradise of forest beauty—land and water sports—excellent food—dramatic and musical diversion—a place to make worth while friendships.

ALL PROFITS FOR EDUCATION

Special Decoration Day Rate: Thursday to Sunday, $16.00

For full information write to New York Headquarters

CAMP TAMIMENT

7 East 15th Street, New York City
Algonquin 3094

Enjoy your Decoration Day Week-End
at CAMP SHARON

Swimming, canoeing, fishing, horseback riding, in addition to all land sports. Excellent tennis courts. Reasonable rates. For reservations write.

Camp Sharon, Mohegan Lake, N. Y.

BROOK BEND TAVERN

Monterey, Massachusetts

A small quiet exclusive Inn high in the Berkshires. Golf—boating—swimming—excellent table, fresh vegetables, fruits, special diet menus.
Just the place for the Decoration Day week-end. Make your reservations now.

ARNOLD INN

Northampton, Massachusetts

An All Year Round Guest House. Attractive single rooms and suites. Excellent Food. Reasonable Rates. Address:
Manager, Arnold Inn,
Northampton, Massachusetts.

CHILDREN'S CAMP

CAMP CEDAROAK

SHARON, CONN.
affiliated with
HOFFMANN SCHOOL
For Individual Development
JUNE-SEPTEMBER BOYS & GIRLS
Tel. Kingsbridge 7361 AGES, 5-12

DISCUSSION

THE GROUP
A Clearing House of Opinion
meets at
AUDITORIUM—150 West 85th Street
Tuesday, May 20th, at 8:30 P. M.
MORRIS HILLQUIT
will speak on:
"OUR CHANGING SOCIAL ORDER"
Admission:
Members 50c. Non-members 75c.
Membership dues, $1.00 for the year.
Weekly notices mailed on request.
Organized 1918.

INVESTMENT COUNSEL

INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Experienced, unbiased, continuous investment advice will give you greatest increase of principal consistent with safety.

Charles G. Coit
16 Clinton Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR RENT

"The Quaker Lady," Remodeled Colonial farmhouse. Superb view Adirondacks. Beautifully furnished. Own spring. Barn. Orchard. 5 bedrooms and bath. Near Hurricane Lodge and Keens Valley. $500. Address: Mrs. John Martin, Grymes Hills, Staten Island, N. Y.

Charming Summer Home accommodate six, tastefully furnished, built on the banks of a trout stream, natural swimming hole, completely secluded yet very accessible. Large stone fireplace, stone floors. Amid delightful country fifty miles from New York. Very reasonable. Call Main 3872.

Would you like to rent my cozily furnished 3-room apartment in Sunnyside, L. I., from June 1 to August 31? Near 5th Avenue bus; 14 minutes to Times Square. Phone: Stillwell 2432 for appointment.

To Rent or Sublease a Penthouse.—Roof apartment, three rooms, kitchen, terrace, overlooking Hudson, furnished or unfurnished, very reasonable. Academy 5403. Address: Box 491, The New Republic.

SHARE STUDIO

WANTED: Young man to share large double studio in Gloucester, Massachusetts, for the season of June through September, $100. Uninterrupted use of studio during the day. References exchanged. Address: Box 490, The New Republic.

SCHOOL

PLAYWRITING AT N.U.

Classes in playwriting, playshop production for promising manuscripts, walking rehearsals, etc. Competitive scholarships available. For catalog write:

THE DEAN
School of Speech and Theatre Arts
Evanston, Ill.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN, ENGLISH

Conversational method, Carefully selected Native teachers. Private lessons, 75c, short course, 9 to 9 daily, 18th year.

FISHER'S SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 Lexington Avenue, N. W. Cor. 85th St.

GENERAL

REAL HARRIS TWEED

The aristocrats of all sports wear—direct from makers. Sample free. Suit-lengths by Mail. Carriage Paid.
NEWALL, 159 Stornoway, Scotland.

WANTED

WANTED: Information about camps for families, with activities suitable for two children 8 and 12 years of age. Address: Box 488, The New Republic.

WANTED: Oct to June, 1931, furnished small house or terraced apartment. Essentials — charm, large living-room, fireplace, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, kitchen. Gramercy to E. 70's. Gramercy 0019.

POSITIONS WANTED

College Senior, energetic, good character, would like to receive novel propositions of summer work. Anything unusual—Anywhere. Address: Box 489, The New Republic.

A woman of thirty, by profession a teacher of art and creative writing, desires an entertaining and lucrative summer position. Address: Box 483, The New Republic.

Physician with 3 years hospital training and camp experience desires position in adult camp in Adirondacks. Box 257, 303 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Progressive Education— TEN YEARS AFTER

A new series of articles shortly to begin in the NEW REPUBLIC

Ten years ago, the new philosophy and technique in teaching which are loosely described as "progressive education" were an experiment, hailed with the enthusiasm aroused for an important innovation, seizing the imagination of educators weary of the old, formal routine of the classroom.

Today, the new type of school is no longer looked upon with the indulgence appropriate to a pioneering endeavor. It is appraised in the light of results. People are beginning to wonder whether all the experiments conducted in the name of modernism are of value; which ones should be continued and which ones given up. It is increasingly clear, moreover, that progressive education has developed its "lunatic fringe," which must be repudiated both by intelligent educators and thoughful parents.

In view of the importance of this subject, the New Republic takes particular pleasure in announcing a symposium on PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION, which will begin in the issue of June 4, 1930. Among the contributors will be JOHN DEWEY, Dr. JOSEPH K. HART, of the School of Education, University of Wisconsin, Prof. BOYD H. BODE, of Ohio State University, Miss CAROLINE PRATT, of the City and County School, and others to be announced later.

Make sure that you do not miss an article in the series.

13 weeks for $1

THE NEW REPUBLIC
421 West 21st Street
New York City

For the enclosed ONE DOLLAR Bill, send me the New Republic for the next 13 weeks.

Name.....Street.....

City.....State.....

5-21-30

Printed by STEINBERG PRESS, INC., 469 Pearl St., New York, N. Y.

STILL MORE BOOK BARGAINS

— at Substantial Savings —

The books advertised on our previous bargain pages were snapped up in no time. Here is a third list—all good, unused showing little or no shelf-wear. One or more copies in stock. Remit amount in column "reduced to." Postage paid anywhere in the United States. Money for books already sold promptly refunded.

	REGULAR PRICE	REDUCED TO
Queen Elizabeth, by *Katharine Anthony*	$4.00	$3.00
Up the Years from Bloomsbury, by *George Arliss*	4.00	2.50
Holier Than Thou, by *C. E. Ayres*	2.50	1.25
Psychoanalysis and Aesthetics, by *C. Baudoin*	4.00	2.00
Bare Souls, by *Gamaliel Bradford*	3.50	2.00
History of Reparations, by *Carl Bergmann*	6.00	3.50
Anthony Comstock, by *Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech*	3.00	1.00
Memoirs of the Notorious Stephen Burroughs	4.00	2.00
Sex in Civilization, ed. by *Calverton and Schmalhausen*	5.00	3.85
The African Saga, by *Blaise Cendrars*	5.00	3.00
In the Evening of My Thought, by *Georges Clemenceau.* 2 vols., boxed	12.50	9.75
Psychology, A Simplification, by *L. R. Coleman and S. Cummins*	3.00	1.50
Life and Times of Laurence Sterne, by *Wilbur L. Cross.* 2 vols., boxed	7.00	4.00
Music Education in America, by *Archibald T. Davison*	5.00	2.50
Talleyrand, by *Anna Bowman Dodd*	5.00	3.50
A Gallery of Women, by *Theodore Dreiser*	5.00	3.75
The Color of a Great City, by *Theodore Dreiser*	3.50	2.00
After Mother India, by *Harry Field*	3.50	2.50
Profits, by *W. F. Foster and W. Catchings*	4.00	2.50
Penguin Island, by *Anatole France.* Illus. by *Papé,* boxed.	5.00	3.50
The Re-discovery of America, by *Waldo Frank*	3.00	2.00
The Modern Woodcut, by *Herbert Furst.* 200 illustrations and 16 color plates	12.50	7.50
The Counterfeiters, by *André Gide*	3.00	1.75
Peter the Great, by *Stephen Graham*	3.00	2.15
New York Nights, by *Stephen Graham*	4.00	2.50
The Big American Parade, by *E. Haldeman-Julius*	3.00	2.00
The Living Bible, ed. by *Bolton Hall* from the King James Version	6.00	3.00
New Worlds to Conquer, by *Richard Halliburton*	5.00	3.75
The Strike, by *E. T. Hiller*	2.50	1.25
The Odyssey of Homer, trans. by *G. H. Palmer.* Illustrated, boxed.	5.00	3.50
Zola and His Time, by *M. Josephson*	5.00	3.75
Europe, by *Count Hermann Keyserling*	5.00	3.75
America Set Free, by *Count Hermann Keyserling*	5.00	3.75
As I Know Them, by *Rebekah Kohut*	2.50	1.50
In Borneo Jungles, by *William O. Krohn*	5.00	3.50
Anatomy of Emotion, by *E. W. Lazell*	3.00	1.50
Francois Villon, by *D. B. W. Lewis*	5.00	3.50
John Keats, by *Amy Lowell.* 2 vols., boxed	12.50	6.50
A Wanderer Among Pictures, by *E. V. Lucas*	3.50	2.00
A History of Caricature, by *Bohun Lynch*	6.50	4.00
The Set Up, by *Joseph Moncure March*	2.00	1.25
Buck in the Snow, by *Edna St. Vincent Millay*	2.00	1.35
The Oil War, by *Anton Mohr*	2.50	1.00
Old Glass, by *N. Hudson Moore*	10.00	6.00
The Rebellious Puritan: Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne, by *Lloyd Morris*	3.50	2.50
The Tale of the Genji, by *Lady Murasaki.* Parts I, II, III, and IV, each	3.50	2.50
Land of the Pilgrim's Pride, by *George Jean Nathan*	$2.50	$1.50
Changes and Chances, by *H. W. Nevinson*	4.50	2.00
History of Biology, by *Erik Nordenskiold*	6.00	4.00
Main Currents in American Thought, by *Vernon Louis Parrington.* 2 vols.	8.00	5.00
The Philosophy of Music, by *William Pole*	4.00	2.00
The Tragic Bride, by *V. Poliakoff*	3.00	1.75
Wolf Solent, by *John Cowper Powys*	5.00	3.75
Pot Shots from Pegasus, by *Keith Preston*	2.50	1.50
The Promised Land, by *Ladislas Reymont.* 2 vols., boxed	5.00	3.50
The Peasants, by *Ladislas Raymont.* 4 vols., boxed.	10.00	7.00
Cyclopaedia of Social Usage, by *Helen L. Roberts*	2.50	1.50
Analysis of Matter, by *Bertrand Russell*	6.00	4.00
The Right to Be Happy, by *Mrs. Bertrand Russell*	3.00	1.75
Fascist Dictatorship in Italy, by *G. Salvemini*	3.00	1.75
Abraham Lincoln, by *Carl Sandburg.* 2 vols., boxed	10.00	6.50
Good Morning America, by *C. Sandburg*	3.00	2.00
You Can't Print That, by *George Seldes*	4.00	3.00
Intimate Papers of Colonel House, ed. by *Charles Seymour.* 2 vols., boxed	10.00	6.00
Touring Through France, by *Elizabeth Shackleton*	5.00	2.50
Adventures in Home Making, by *E. and R. Shackleton*	4.00	2.00
South America, by *E. W. Shanahan*	3.75	2.00
The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism, by *Bernard Shaw*	4.00	2.75
From Magic to Science, by *Charles Singer*	7.50	3.50
Charterhouse of Parma, by *Stendhal.* 2 vols., boxed.	5.00	3.50
As I Knew Them, by *Henry L. Stoddard*	5.00	3.50
The Mad Professor, by *Hermann Sudermann*	5.00	3.50
A Daughter of the Samurai, by *E. I. Sugimoto*	3.00	1.75
Anthology of World Poetry, edited by *Mark Van Doren*	5.00	3.75
Natives of Rock, by *Glenway Wescott.* Illus. by Pamela Bianco. Boxed.	7.50	3.50
Strange Necessity, by *Rebecca West*	3.00	2.00
La Fayette, by *Brand Whitlock.* 2 vols.	10.00	8.00
Living India, by *Savel Zimand*	3.00	2.00

Send for list of fiction (250 books) at reductions of fifty per cent and more.

THE NEW REPUBLIC BOOKSTORE
419 West 21st Street, N. Y. C.

For the enclosed.....please send me postpaid .....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

5-21-30